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SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY



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SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY

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of the

Scottish Poets . 7.

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SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY

GLASGOW: WILLIAM HODGE & CO

1893

NOTE.

SINCE the days of Allan Ramsay there have been published many admirable collections of Scottish ballads. Some of these, such as the collections of Jamieson, Buchan, and Kinloch, have had for their intention the preservation of ballads or versions of ballads previously unpublished. Others, like the collections of Chambers and Aytoun, have contained avowed collations of the different versions of ballads already printed. The present volume follows another plan. Collated versions remain always unsatisfactory, the distinct character of the ballad as handed down by tradition being invariably weakened by the modern touch, and the fresh charm spoilt by the smell of the lamp. They are, besides, unnecessary, the best version in every case equalling the best collation, and more than making up by vivid strength and truth for what it may appear to lack in multiplicity of detail. A comparison has accordingly been made of all the original versions of each ballad, and in every case what has appeared to be the best version has been printed faithfully without alteration. The volume is an attempt to furnish, in authentic form, a collection of what is finest in the ballad poetry of Scotland.

Ballads by recognised poets like Henryson, James V., and Motherwell have not been included. These, from

"Robene and Makyne" to "The Etin of Sillerwood," find their most appropriate place among the works of their respective authors.

As the orthography of the ballads has gradually altered in course of tradition, it belongs to no period; but, while retaining in every case the exact words of the compositions as they occur in the version selected, such mere freaks of spelling—*mee* for *me*, *hay* for *ha'e*, *graveld* for *gravelled*—as are frequent in editions like Herd's and Percy's, have not been perpetuated.

Some endeavour has been made to keep as nearly as possible to chronological order in the case of ballads whose date may be surmised, but any formal grouping together of fairy ballads, tragic ballads, or humorous ballads, as it must be artificial, and could not fail to be monotonous, has not been attempted.

Most of the extant Scottish ballads, it may be presumed, have now been printed, but it is possible that a few unpublished may yet be found. Of these, "The Bluidy Stair," in the following pages, is here, it is believed, printed in a ballad collection for the first time.

The warmest acknowledgments are due to the labours of Professor Child, whose great work on English and Scottish Ballads must remain, when completed, the chief repository for consultation of students of British folksong, as it has, in the present case, been of the greatest service, not only in assisting towards the discovery of best versions, but in throwing the interesting light of a cosmopolitan information upon many individual ballads.

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SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY.

IF one would understand the secret heart and character of the Scottish people in early times he must make himself acquainted with the national ballads. History, written with whatever purpose of truth, has been coloured always, more or less, by the mind of its writer. Religion, at least in its public appearance, has been apt to remain strictly formal, and though to some extent indicative of national character, has yet run in imported and obviously conventional moulds. Even the more studied poetry of the country, formed as it was upon classic and literary models, remains to some extent a convention also, a picture of what men wished to appear rather than a reflection of what they were. It is in the folk-song of the nation that the truest expression lies. There, without affectation of any sort, fresh from the lips of the people themselves, is found a revelation of the real manners and morals, the ideals and superstitions, the loves, the humour,

and the sorrows, which made the character and history of the race. At the same time, as poetry, for all that narrative poetry professes to give—for circumstance and atmosphere, for passion and pathos, for vigour of action and dramatic situation, for contrast of character and a variety of vital incident rivalled only by the variety of life itself—there is nothing which surpasses the ballad poetry of Scotland.

Between ballads and songs it is necessary at the outset to mark a distinction. These two kinds of composition are frequently confused, and there is a popular tendency to name as ballads many productions which have no claim at all to the title. Both songs and ballads were originally made to be sung; and some ballads, like "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," are, to the present day, best known in their musical setting. From this fact probably the confusion has arisen. But songs are, by their nature, entirely subjective compositions, in which the emotion and personality of the writer colours the whole. The primary intention of song is to express the feelings of the singer. Ballads, on the other hand, are narrative poems of purely objective character. The sympathies of the reciter may be seen here and there, it is true, throughout the verse, but the main

intention of the composition is to relate an incident or tell a story.

A further characteristic of the ballad lies in the rapidity of movement and the vivid dramatic realism with which it accomplishes its purpose, plunging at once into the midst of its action, and wasting no time on preliminaries. This, with the fact of its dealing as a rule with a single characteristic episode, be it fortune of war or tragedy of erring love, suffices to distinguish it from the epic and from narrative poems of reflective or literary cast.

The origin of ballad composition belongs to an unknown antiquity. No other expression of human feeling and thought claims so ancient a descent, there being reason to believe that the first traditional records of all nations were cast in the form of verse, the form in which alone, before the use of writing, they could be accurately remembered. History everywhere has derived its early facts from the songs of the bards, and the earliest written records contain references to such compositions. The Book of Jasher, from which are quoted the legend of the sun's standing still, in Joshua, and the Song of the Bow, in II. Samuel, is understood by Biblical critics to have been a national collection, in the form of ballads, containing the record of great men and great

deeds. Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, and his contemporary, Quintus Fabius Pictor, the earliest of the Roman annalists, have both left references to an early ballad poetry celebrating the exploits of the founders and first heroes of Rome, a poetry which Lord Macaulay has endeavoured to reproduce in an English dress in his well-known "Lays." Lucan and Ammianus Marcellinus have placed upon record that the warlike exploits of the ancient Gauls were celebrated in the songs of minstrels; and by Tacitus we are made aware that the early history of the Germans was preserved solely by means of their bardic compositions. The Danish Canute, the Saxon Athelstane, the British Arthur, and the Celtic Fingal, all owe the preservation of their memory to folk-songs, of which fragments and echoes have reached modern times. One school of critics believe that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, if their material had not been collected and pieced together by the care of Pisistratus, would have come down to us in the form only of detached ballads. Out of folk-song, in similar fashion, grew the Eddas of Iceland, the Kalevala of Finland, the German Nibelungen Lied, the Spanish Chronicle of the Cid, and the Scottish romantic history of Sir William Wallace—great national compilations which were the possession and

stock-in-trade of the scalds, bards, and minstrels of the Middle Ages in Europe.

Strong evidence even remains to show that many of the ballads in our possession at the present day are themselves substantially relics of remote prehistoric times. Robert Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, and afterwards more fully in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, was the first to point out the striking likeness which exists between some of the popular ballads of the different nations of northern Europe. It will be enough to mention three cases. The well-known Scottish ballad of "Fair Annie" finds an almost exact counterpart in the Danish "Skioen Anna"; "Cospatrick," "Bothwell," and "Gil Brenton," besides bearing a strong family resemblance to each other, contain a story identical with that of the Danish "Ingefred and Gudrune"; while, in the same way, "The Douglas Tragedy," "Erlinton," and "The Child of Elle," prove almost identical with the Danish "Ribolt and Guldberg."* From these instances and others like them the conclusion seems inevitable that certain of the Danish and Scottish ballads had a common source. It is well known that a large

* Jamieson printed an English translation of "Skioen Anna" in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, and of "Ingefred and Gudrune," and "Ribolt and Guldberg" in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*.

number of the place-names of England and Scotland, as well as the names of several of the days of the week—Woden's day, Thor's day, Frea's day—are Scandinavian in origin. The fact lends support, if any were needed, to the belief that the relationship of not a few Scottish and Scandinavian folk-songs must be attributed to the relationship of the races, and that traditionary compositions current till lately both on the Borders and in the north of Scotland have descended from the memories of the early settlers in the country. It is even probable, as Jamieson suggested, that among the Danish, Teutonic, and Scottish popular ballads, are preserved, however altered in colour, not a few of the German folk-songs mentioned by Tacitus, the folk-songs collected by order of Charlemagne, and those which the Goths brought with them in their great migration out of the east.

The writer of the article on ballads in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* appears inclined to push this point rather far. Upon the ground of the striking similarity of many features in the ballads of different countries he ventures the theory that they are all, even the most local and circumstantial, more or less versions of common originals. The theory is supported at great length, and its propounder cites as a

parallel case the apparently common origin of the *märchen*, or nursery tales, familiar in all the countries of Europe. With much learning he points out, as proof of his contention, that the folk-songs of Europe everywhere bear like traces of the survival of primitive creeds and primitive forms of consciousness and imagination, that they are little influenced by the higher religions, Christian or polytheistic, and that, turning, as the *märchen* do, on similar incidents, they repeat in all countries the same stories, and employ the same machinery of talking birds and beasts. He cites, further, as common features of the ballads of all countries the use of assonance in place of rhyme, the abrupt character of recital of events and sayings, the textual repetition, as in Homer, of the exact speeches of the persons, the constant use of certain numbers, such as three and seven, and the representation of the commonest objects of everyday life as made of gold and silver. The same non-Christian ideas of death and of the future world, the same ghostly superstitions and metamorphoses, and the same belief in elves and fairies, he points out, are to be found in the ballads of Greece, Provence, Brittany, Denmark, and Scotland. And he has taken great trouble to bring together resemblances in plot and incident between the ballads of the different

countries. There is the story, for instance, to be found alike in the folk-song of Denmark, Provence, and Yorkshire, of the cruel step-mother ill-treating the children till their cries awaken the dead:—

'Twas cold at night and the bairnies grat:
The mother below the moults heard that.

She rises and appears again in her old home, and ever after, "when dogs howl in the night, the stepmother trembles and is kind to the children." From all these facts he considers it apparent that the ballads have been as universally sung as the fairy tales, like Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty, have been narrated.

The theory, it must be confessed, has elicited a somewhat suggestive array of facts, though it may be doubted whether these altogether warrant the sweeping conclusion drawn from them. Before agreeing in the belief that all the ballad narratives of Europe are mere traditions of common originals, one or two qualifying circumstances must be taken into account.

Ballad composition deals chiefly with certain primary and fundamental possibilities of life—the jealousy of a mother for her daughter-in-law, of a stepmother for her husband's children, the adventures of forbidden lovers, the sorrows of illicit love. These are subjects likely to appeal everywhere to the makers of song, and it is

certain that they might do so quite independently and at first hand. Coincidences of the kind occur every day in actual life, and are to be pointed out again and again in the events of history. The early Scottish metrical tale, for instance, of Rauf Coilzear and Charlemagne, and the English episode of King Alfred and the shepherd, find an exact counterpart in the actual adventure which, centuries later than the date of either of these stories, happened to James V. at Cramond Brig. All doubt as to the authenticity of James's adventure is set aside by the fact that, for their ancestor's part in the fray and its *dénouement*, the Howiesons still hold the lands of Braehead.* It is necessary, further, to take into account the facility with which, even in early times, by means of pilgrimages, campaigns, and crusades, stories were liable to travel. In this manner the British history of Arthur is known to have made its way from Armorica to Wales, from Wales to England, and from England to France, before its final translation into English by Sir Thomas Malory. And of course in the case of ballads with a proved historical basis, like "Mary Hamilton" and "The Battle of Otter-

* The adventure is detailed by Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, was used by the same author for the plot of *The Lady of the Lake*, and forms the subject of the popular drama of *Cramond Brig*. The present representative of James's doughty ally, and the owner of Braehead, is W. R. Howieson-Crawford of Colchester.

bourne," a national and local origin cannot be gainsaid.

It is therefore only in a limited sense and with wide reservations that the theory of a cosmopolitan ownership of the ballads can be admitted. Only in cases in which identity, not only of the main idea, but of a succession of vital details, can be pointed out can ground be held to exist for believing ballads in two languages to have had a common origin, and even then there must remain the possibility that the ballad of one country may have travelled to another in the religious, political, or warlike traffic of the Middle Ages. What the similarity of machinery and method in all European ballads does prove appears to be, not that individual folk-songs have been derived always from a common source, but that the art of folk-song is itself primeval, and, practised in the earliest ages at the common cradle of the European race, has handed down the same traditional method and machinery to the later ballad-makers of all western nations.

Some well-known ballads, like "Hynde Horne," "King Henrie," and "Kempion," have apparently been derived from the romances of chivalry which were composed and current in the Middle Ages.* They may have been episodes

* Dr. Leyden in the introduction to his edition of *The Complaynt of Scotland* suggests that all the ballads which introduce dragons, "worms," and dwarfs should be considered as of this extraction.

caught and remembered by guests and retainers out of the frequent recital of the minstrels in the rush-strewn hall, and afterwards repeated for entertainment at the soldier's camp-fire or in the peasant's shieling. These compositions fall to be attributed to Celtic, or rather Cymric sources; for the great cycle of romances which were recited at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings were British in origin and had the mystic Arthur for their central figure. Other ballads, such as those referring to Robin Hood, a popular hero of folk-song in Scotland as well as England in early times,* must with equal reason be considered Saxon in their derivation. And the Scandinavian origin of many has already been pointed out. It would thus appear that all the races which have gone to make up the Scottish nation have made contribution to the ballad lore of the country. Of the four the contribution of the Celtic race remains perhaps the least apparent; but when it is remembered how strongly everywhere the Celtic strain has left its influence in the blood of the nation, the absence of contribution from that race must be believed to be more apparent than real.

The oldest of the ballads of Scotland are probably to be found among those of romantic

* Bower in his additions to Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, about 1441, mentions tragedies, comedies, ballads, and romances on the subject of Robin Hood as then popular in the country.

and legendary character to which no date or locality can be assigned. It is, however, part of the nature of traditionary compositions to adapt themselves to new situations. A reciter naturally enough turned his tale to suit his audience, and, finding that the insertion of a local name or allusion quickened immensely the interest of his listeners, made no scruple of fitting his old song to new circumstances. In the same way a ballad transferred to a new district, say by the memory of an incoming bride, and thereafter handed down by tradition, was likely in course of time to assume a complexion and embody names and circumstances native to its new surroundings. In this way, therefore, some of the folk-songs for which time, place, and characters have been most clearly identified may yet in many particulars be compositions of a high antiquity. From the nature of the case, in ballads of this description, like "The Douglas Tragedy" and "May Colvin," it may probably be taken as a rule that, while the original facts and story have remained unaltered, localities, persons, and diction may, in the long course of oral tradition, have been liable to change.

The actual slowness to change is proved by our historical ballads. In these the diction may have altered, and indeed to some extent

certainly must have altered, obsolete words being supplanted in course of time by words in later use. But the events themselves, with the actors in them and the localities in which they took place have suffered but little substantial alteration. That this is so is shown by the fact pointed out by Motherwell, that old MS. copies of such ballads, when compared with versions handed down orally, exhibit no material difference of incident.

There is reason to believe that these historical ballads were generally composed shortly after the occurrence which they were meant to celebrate. Contemporary, or almost contemporary references to some of them now forgotten are to be found scattered throughout the early literature of the country. A considerable number are mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, written about the year 1549. Three of these may be noted :—"The Sang of Gilquhiskhar," referring to some unknown event ; "The Tail of Sir Walter the bald Leslye," probably a ballad celebrating a traditional combat between a gentleman of the family of Lesley and a Hungarian knight, of which two lines elsewhere survive—

Between the Lesselye and the mare
He slew the knight and left him there ; *

* Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. xlix., note.

and another, of which two lines are quoted—

God sen the Duc hed bydden in France
And Delabaute had neuyr cum hame,

evidently alluding to the unfortunate Chevalier de la Beaute, left as his deputy by the Regent Albany when he returned to France; and savagely murdered by Home of Wedderburn in 1517.

Again, in his *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, written in 1644, Hume of Godscroft illustrates his narrative of historical events by quoting stanzas of ballads regarding them which were popular in his time, but which have since descended to oblivion. In 1528 James V. escaped from the bondage of the Douglasses at Falkland, and at once proceeded to break up the power of that too formidable family. His first efforts, however, were anything but successful, and in particular his lieutenant, the Earl of Argyle, in endeavouring to enter the Merse, was repulsed by the Douglas allies at the Pass of Pease. Regarding the event, Godscroft quotes the beginning of a scoffing ballad—

The Earl of Argyle is bound* to ride
From the border of Edgebucklin brae,†
And all his habergeons him beside,
Each man upon a sonk of strae.

* ready.

† Near Musselburgh.

In 1440 William, the young sixth Earl of Douglas, and his brother, were enticed to Edinburgh by the wiles of the chancellor Crichton, and there, when seated unsuspectingly at dinner with the boy-king, James II., were first startled by the ominous black bull's head, the sign of death, being set before them on the table, and then dragged forth and infamously slain. Of the popular ballad current regarding this tragic circumstance the historian of the Douglasses furnishes a stanza:—

Edinburgh Castle, towne and toure,
God grant thou sinke for sinne,
And that even for the black dinnour
Erl Douglas gat therein!

Still further back, a tragic transaction on the Borders was the death in 1353 of the Knight of Liddesdale, a natural son of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and himself known as the Flower of Chivalry, at the hands of his kinsman, godson, and chief, the Earl of Douglas. The Countess of Douglas, it would appear, had given too good reason for her husband's jealousy, and accordingly, as the Knight of Liddesdale was hunting in Ettrick Forest, at a spot near Galeswood, called, after the event, Williamshope, he was beset, wounded, and slain by the Earl. The incident was exactly such as would appeal most strongly to the popular ballad instinct, and

Godscroft quotes and describes the consequent composition—

The Countesse of Douglas out of her bower she came,
And loudly there that she did call ;
“ It is for the Lord of Liddisdale
That I let all these teares down fall.”

“ The song,” says the historian, “ also declareth how she did write her love-letters to Liddisdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galeswood, and how he was carried the first night to Linden kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried in the Abbey of Melrose.”

Still earlier authentic references to popular ballads on historical subjects may be quoted. In his great national epic of the fourteenth century, *The Bruce*, Barbour asserts as his excuse for omitting the story of the victory gained in Eskdale by Sir John Soulis over the English under Sir Andrew Hardclay, that

Whasa likes, thai may her
Young wemen, when thai will play,
Syng it amang thaim ilk day.

Professor Aytoun, in his *Ballads of Scotland*, quotes from the early *St. Alban's Chronicle* a Scottish stanza composed shortly after the battle of Bannockburn. It rightly belongs, perhaps, rather to the class of songs than of ballads, but

it may be included here. The monkish chronicler relates how Edward II. "was discomfited at Banoksborne," and continues, "therefore the maydens made a song thereof in that countree on Kyng Edward, and in this manere they sing—

Maydens of Englonde, sore may ye morne,
 For ye have lost your lemmans at Banocksborne ;
 With havelogh !
 What ! wenyth the Kinge of Englonde
 To have got Scotland :
 With rombelogh !"

In Wyntoun's *Cronykil of Scotland*, however, there are quoted two verses, apparently the opening of a ballad, on the death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn, and if, as is believed, their composition was nearly contemporaneous with the event they celebrate, they form not only the earliest authentic ballad lines, but the earliest authentic metrical composition in the vernacular of Scotland. The spirit of that troubled time breathes in them.

Quhen Alysandyr owre Kyng wes dede,
 That Scotland led in luv and le,*
 Away wes sons† of ale and brede,
 Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle.
 Oure gold wes changyd into lede.—
 Cryst, borne into vyrgynyte,
 Succoure Scotland and remede,
 That stad is in perplexyte! ‡

* law.

† plenty.

‡ Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, b. vii., ch. 10; *Early Scottish Poetry*, p. 162.

It is evident from such scattered references that vast numbers of national ballads, and these perhaps the finest, must have altogether perished before the thought arose of preserving them in a permanent form.

Something of pathos belongs to the fact that the makers not only of the forgotten ballads, but of the great majority of those which still exist, have themselves utterly passed into oblivion. It is true that the names of a favoured few have come down to us. The gentle Robert Henryson,* schoolmaster of Dunfermline in the end of the fifteenth century, and author of the earliest Scottish pastoral, "Robene and Makyne," the exquisite "Testament of Cresseid," and the famous series of "Moral Fables," containing the "Taill of the Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous," is known to have written the allegorical ballad of "The Bluidy Serk." In Dunbar's well-known "Lament for the Makars" two names are mentioned as those of ballad authors—

That scorpioun fell † hes done infek ‡
 Maister Johne Clerk and James Afflek
 Fra balat making and trigidë ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me ;

and King James the Fifth himself is recognised

* *Medieval Scottish Poetry*, pp. 79-138.

† i.e., Death.

‡ has affected or inhibited.

as author of at least two rollicking compositions, "The Jolly Beggar" and "The Gaberlunzie-man."* But the great majority of the authors of Scottish folk-songs, like the authors of folk-song everywhere, have been entirely forgotten, or at most live now only in their work.

The same fate in all but a very few cases has befallen the minstrels whose profession it was, during the ages of chivalry, to chant these ballads, as well as the more elaborate romances, in the halls of the great throughout the country. Of the existence of no institution of those ages does there remain more general certainty than that of the wandering minstrelsy, yet of no institution are particular details more lacking. What historical references do remain have been detailed at length by Percy in the introduction to his *Reliques*. The picture of one of the craft and his performance furnished by Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is that popularly accepted as reliable; and there is little doubt that, so far as the later minstrels are concerned, the picture is a true one. Scott is believed to have taken as his model one Nicol Burne, a wandering minstrel of the seventeenth century, and the last of the race, whom Professor Veitch identifies with

* Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. pp. 26 and 49. *Scottish Poetry of the Sixteenth Century*, pp. 141-182.

Burn the Violer, author of the song, "Leader Haughs and Yarrow."* But that picture, as has been said, represents minstrelsy in its later and decadent period, when the increase of learning and the practice of printing had largely done away with the importance of the minstrel, both as a chronicler and as an entertainer. So, also, do the few references extant regarding Henry the Minstrel, a wandering Homer of the fifteenth century, author of the poetical chronicle of Sir William Wallace. John Mair, who was born about 1454, mentions him casually in his well-known history. "In the time of my infancy," he says, "Henry, a man blind from his birth, composed the whole *Book of William Wallace*, and committed to writing in vernacular poetry, in which he was skilled, the things which were commonly related. I, however, give only partial credit to such writings. By the recitation of these stories in the presence of men of foremost rank he procured food and clothing, of which he was worthy." In the treasury accounts of James IV., among items of gratuities to "menstrallis" who at various times "playit before the king," appear several entries of petty sums paid to Henry for performances of this sort. Similar

* *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*, by John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow.

entries of payments to minstrels occur in the burgh records of Aberdeen in the year 1492 and later. A more honourable recognition of the minstrel office, however, occurs in the year 1501, when William Dunbar himself, the greatest of the early Scottish poets, passed to England with the ambassadors sent to conclude negotiations for the marriage of King James to the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. During the state festivities there he was styled "The Rhymer of Scotland," and at a great dinner given in London, he, in true minstrel fashion, celebrated the praises of his hosts. "In the Cristmas week," says the chronicler, "the Mair had to dyner the ambassadors of Scotland, whom accompanied my Lord Chaunceler and other Lords of the realm; when, sittying at dyner, ane of the said Scottis givying attendance upon a Bishop Ambassador made this balade. 'London thou art of townes A per se,' &c."* For his services during the embassy Dunbar received from Henry VII. two several gifts of £6 13s. 4d., and on his return to Edinburgh a further gratuity from James IV. of £5 in addition to his regular pension as court poet. But very different even from this credit-

* Sheriff Æneas Mackay in his introduction to Dunbar's poems (Scottish Text Society) quotes the incident from the MS. Cott. Vitell. A.XVI. The "balade" is, as its name signifies, a composition of recurring rhymes in the French manner, and not a ballad in the modern meaning of that word.

able appearance of Dunbar appears to have been the position of the scalds, bards, minstrels, and troubadours of earlier times. The son of song then, chanting to his harp in the listening hall, appears to have been second in honour only to the chief himself, whose soul he swayed with tales of other days, and whose own heroic deeds he was ready always to weave into verse of fame. No carpet singers either by all, accounts, were these, but as ready to shout the song of defiance in the battle's front as to tune the harp to old ballads of love among blushing damsels in their bower. It is recorded that on the morning of the battle of Hastings Taillefer asked and obtained leave from William of Normandy to lead the onset. Riding out in front of the Norman chivalry, he sang in a loud voice the great Song of Roland. Then striking spurs into his horse's flank he dashed forward still singing, and, crashing among the enemy, died with the deathless song on his lips on the points of the Saxon spears. The story of Blondel, too, is familiar. Richard Cœur de Lion, on his way home from one of the crusades in 1193, was waylaid by private enemies, and disappeared. A rumour, however, reached Blondel, his court minstrel and companion in war, that the king was confined in some unknown fortress in Germany. Blondel

determined to discover and if possible rescue his master, and for a year, it is said, wandered upon the Continent making unsuccessful enquiries. At last from the innkeeper of a town in which he found himself, he learned that in a neighbouring fortress belonging to the Duke of Austria a single prisoner had been confined for a year. Upon this he made himself acquainted, as minstrels easily made acquaintance, with the people of the castle; but in no way could he come to see the prisoner. One day, however, as he sang before one of the castle windows a song which Richard and he had composed together, when he paused in the middle of the song, the king inside began the other half and completed it. "Thus Blondel," says the old *raconteur*, "won knowledge of the king his master, and returning home into England, made the barons of the country acquainted where the king was." *

* It may interest some readers to have the words of the song said to have been sung by Blondel, and replied to by Cœur de Lion. They are quoted by Bishop Percy (*Reliques*, introduction, p. 35), from a translation by Dr. Burney out of the Old Provençal.

BLONDEL. Your beauty, lady fair,
None views without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

CŒUR DE LION. No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.

A long descent it must appear from such chivalrous and courtly singers as these to the town-pipers, cleaners of clocks, and other non-descript itinerants mentioned by Scott as the last inheritors of the mantle of wandering minstrelsy at the beginning of the present century.* It is certain, however, that at no time did the ballads depend altogether or even mainly upon professional minstrels for their remembrance. These folk-songs, differing in this respect from their kindred compositions, the more complex and formal romances, were the possession of the people themselves. From the days of John Barbour, as we have seen, to those of Sir Walter Scott, young women at their spinning wheels, aged folk in the ingle-nook, and shepherds among the lonely hills were accustomed to repeat, as they had heard repeated, the traditional ballads of the countryside. Scott himself has left it upon record how as a lame boy he had lain long evenings by the fire in the farmhouse of Sandyknowe, at the foot of Smaylholm Tower, listening to the ancient Border lays.

From the middle of the thirteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century was, so far as can be ascertained, the period during which ballad composition was most general in

* Introduction to *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Scotland. It is to that period, at anyrate, that the production of most of the known historical ballads is to be attributed, from "Sir Patrick Spens," recording the disaster to the gallant band who carried the daughter of Alexander III. to her bridal with Eric of Norway in 1281, to the ballad narrating the rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle by Buccleuch in 1596. These were the centuries, also, in which the conditions were most favourable for the production of folk-song. The kind of life which gave rise to the ballads was naturally that in which personal prowess and energy counted for more than law and order, in which the relations of the sexes were rather of a heroic than of a conventional cast, and in which the distinctions of rank were few but deeply marked. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—that is, from the days of Wallace and Bruce and the Wars of Independence down to the time of James the Sixth's accession to the English crown—these were all characteristics of society in Scotland. It is exactly in that wild and rude state of society, between the semi-barbarous and the wholly civilised, that poetry and music exert their strongest influence, and that those romantic and tragic events are likely to occur which furnish the most attractive themes for the minstrel lay. To these centuries,

therefore, it seems probable that we must attribute the production of the greater part of the rich store of folk-song which has come down to modern days. It may be impossible amid modern surroundings to realise the thrilling effect of narratives like the "Battle of Otterbourne," "Johnnie Armstrang," or "Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead," chanted to rough moss-riders, clansmen of the race and names mentioned in the song; or the effect of ballads like "The Demon Lover" and the "Wife of Usher's Well" upon men whose superstitious hearts, ready to face the boldest foe in open day, quaked with a very definite dread in belief of a whole hidden world of witchcraft and midnight superstitions. There can be little doubt, however, that the effect of the recitation of these folk-songs, vivid and dramatic as they are, must, before the introduction of printed books and the dispersion of knowledge, have been very strong, exerting an influence upon the general conduct and ideals of the community far beyond that of any poetry or literature at the present day. Something of this influence may be guessed when it is remembered that throughout those centuries, chanted in the halls of king and noble as well as by the hearth of hind and craftsman, they must have formed the chief if not the only intellectual food of the people whose life they reflect.

The decay of ballad composition is to be attributed to a variety of circumstances. Among these the historian of Scottish poetry has enumerated the decline of chivalry, which slowly but completely altered the complexion of society; the introduction of printing, by which the public was made independent of minstrel recitation for its amusement; and finally, the political and theological controversy of the Reformation, which engrossed and convulsed the national mind. The introduction of printing must probably be considered the chief factor of the decadence. With the multiplication of books and the discovery through them of new spheres of knowledge, the taste for listening to the old rhymes of minstrels must have rapidly diminished and passed away. But the most direct blow at ballad composition was struck by the Reformation. Again and again in the writings of the reformers the popular ballads are condemned as things profane. This is not greatly to be wondered at when it is remembered that the ballads, when not entirely pagan in morals and belief, are distinctly Catholic in tone, and contain allusions to holy water, saints, and sacring bells, which could not but be highly objectionable to men of the opinions of Knox and Buchanan. The spirit of the reformers was also strongly opposed to poetry for its own sake,

as being a frivolous and carnal pursuit; the influence of their doctrine on the subject surviving here and there throughout the country almost to the present day. So late as the end of last century, when Wilson, the author of "The Clyde," a poem of some merit, was appointed schoolmaster at Greenock, he was obliged formally and in writing to abjure "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making."* But even the Reformation might not have stopped entirely the flow of the national folk-song. This was effected more gradually by the entire change of social manners which succeeded the acquisition of the throne of England by James VI. A new era of order and law dawned slowly then upon Scotland. The feudal rule and the feudal levies of the nobles by degrees gave place to the authority and the armies of the crown. The glow and inspiration of the Elizabethan poetry made its way into the north, to be reflected to fashionable circles in the verse of the Earl of Stirling and of Drummond of Hawthornden. And while the transactions and circumstances which had been the subjects of folk-song died in great part out of the national life, the taste for ballad lore itself, except in remote corners of the country, gradually disappeared.

* The incident is narrated in a note to the ballad of "Philip-haugh" in Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

It is to these remote corners and to that unfashionable taste that we owe the preservation of most of the ballad poetry of Scotland which has descended to the present day. So early as 1591 the Danish ballads were collected into a volume under the title *Kæmpe Viser* by the Rev. Andrew Sæffrensæn; but the earliest reference to any such collection in this country appears to be to *Dick a' the Cow*, a collection mentioned in the list of a London bookseller in 1688, and described as containing north country songs.* Addison in the *Spectator* wrote two articles, Nos. 70 and 74, on "Chevy Chase," the ballad regarding which Sir Philip Sydney made his famous saying that the hearing of it "moved his heart more than the sound of a trumpet." But it was not until 1706 that the first Scottish collection of ballads was made. Previous to that time many of the old compositions had been printed on broadsides and hawked about at fairs and market, by itinerants of an illiterate sort. In 1706-1711, however, James Watson printed at Edinburgh his *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern*. This was followed in 1724 by the publication of Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen* and *Tea-table Miscellany*. By means of these

* The bookseller was P. Brocksby, and the discoverer of the reference Mr. Ritson, whose communication is quoted by Scott in the introduction to his *Border Minstrelsy*.

the attention of more refined society was called to the existence of the golden store of national poetry which lay neglected in ancient manuscripts, and was still held in the popular mind here and there by the frail tenure of tradition. Nothing further, nevertheless, was done in the way of collecting and preserving that poetry till 1765, when Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, published his famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.^{*} This was followed by Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.* (Edinburgh, 1769), Lord Hailes' *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1770), Pinkerton's collections in 1781 and 1783 (which, however, contain only one genuine ballad not before known, "Sir James the Rose"), and Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (Edinburgh, 6 vols., 1787-1803). Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (London, 1790) and *Scottish Song* (1794) should also be mentioned, as well as Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry* (1802). But the greatest impetus of all to the revival of taste for the ancient folk-song of the country was given by the publication of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1802-3. The genius, tact, and patriotic enthusiasm which were afterwards to make their possessor the literary hero of Scotland made themselves first

^{*} The fourth and best edition of the *Reliques* was printed in 1794.

felt, and did their first enduring service to their country by the production of the *Border Minstrelsy*. Collected in out-of-the-way corners from the traditional recitation of hawkers, shepherds, and old women, from private family MSS., and from fugitive broadsides, this was at once the finest and the fullest exclusive collection of folk-song which had yet appeared, and it set the model for later collectors.* Robert Jamieson followed with his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (Edinburgh, 1806). Motherwell in 1827 printed his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with a historical introduction and notes which furnish even to the present day perhaps the most complete information on the subject of Scottish folk-song. In the same year Kinloch published his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. And in 1828 a large and fresh addition was made to ballad literature by the production of Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*. These two last collections embody most fully the ballads of the north and east of Scotland, as distinguished from those of the west and south. Many minor ballad collections have also been published, each containing additions, more or less valuable, to the number of known ballads. A very complete list of

* The last edition revised by Sir Walter Scott was published in four volumes at Edinburgh in 1830.

these volumes was furnished by Professor F. J. Child in his great collection *English and Scottish Ballads*, published in 1857-9. The second edition of this work, now in progress, promises to include all the known versions of all the known folk-songs of England and Scotland, and as it furnishes at the same time the fullest information, historical and comparative, regarding each composition, it must remain, if not the ideal book of ballad poetry for the charm of quiet hours, at least the standard scientific collection of reference for the student of our national folk-songs. It will be contained in ten large volumes.

The immense effect upon literature and upon thought of the revival of interest in ballad poetry has never yet been fairly considered, nor is there room to do more than allude to it here. To this influence must be attributed probably the whole upgrowth of romantic and natural feeling which, germinating in Allan Ramsay and bursting into flower in Robert Burns, out-splendoured the pale formality of eighteenth-century verse, and gave us successively the genius of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. These names are enough to suggest the colour and fragrance, the freedom and charm, which have been lent to modern poetry and modern life by the new vogue of these old songs of the people.

A more immediate and less legitimate result of the revival of taste for ballad literature was the attempt again and again made, not only to compose exact imitations of the ancient ballad, but to palm off such imitations as genuine relics of antiquity. The earliest transgressor in this direction may be said to have been Lady Wardlaw, whose once-admired, but somewhat affected and pointless forgery, "Hardyknute," printed in 1719, and purporting to be a composition of the period of the battle of Largs, held a place in the collections for half a century among the most cherished remains of the past. Similar frauds were perpetrated by Allan Ramsay and Pinkerton in their respective collections. And most extensive of all, in the beginning of the present century, when Cromek was gathering materials for his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, Allan Cunningham, then an unknown poet, furnished the antiquary with composition after composition of his own, which were unsuspectingly printed and passed off upon the public as ancient ballads of the countryside. Scott himself was imposed upon more than once, and induced to print certain imitations, like "Barthram's Dirge," "Lord Ewrie," and "The Death of Featherstonhaugh," furnished him as ancient by Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth.

So successful, in particular, was Lady Wardlaw's attempt to counterfeit antiquity that Robert Chambers went to great critical pains to attribute to the same fair author some twenty-five of the finest Scottish ballads, most of them belonging to the heroic and romantic class. His theory, however, based largely upon the repetition in these ballads of certain stock phrases, and of the presence in them of certain anachronisms, does not now stand examination, and was afterwards virtually abandoned by its advocate.

Second in heinousness only to the forgery of entire ballads must be considered the license in which some editors have indulged of tampering with the structure of the ballads as they found it, supplying *lacunæ* when they thought fit, and excising what they considered to be redundancies, so as to bring the composition into what they supposed must be its original and most appropriate form. All such attempts must be condemned as departures from the traditional form of the ballads when discovered, and to that extent destroying their authenticity. Collation of different versions of the same ballad, though hardly so serious an offence, since the old reciters must frequently have done the same thing, and all the versions must have come originally from one source, is still to be depre-

cated as unsatisfactory, destroying, like most literary compromises, the peculiar tang of character and atmosphere. So distinct indeed is the character of ancient folk-song that the influence upon it of a modern touch, however slight, is instantly discernible, and at once destroys the ballad's natural effect of truthfulness. Folk-song in this respect may be likened to a lichen-covered tree, the growth of centuries, upon whose stem any recent attempts at pruning or grafting must become immediately apparent. The only satisfactory editing, therefore, must be that which prints each ballad as the editor finds it, and which lets it stand upon its own merit for what it is worth.

Perhaps the chief reason for the undefinable character of authenticity to be recognised in the genuine ballad belongs to the fact that true folk-song is a narrative of actual events. Its first object has been the recording of real deeds and circumstances, and it remains the furthest of all forms of composition from deliberate literary intention. In this way must be accounted for the fact that later ballads, like "Edom o' Gordon," "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," and "Mary Hamilton," though certainly modern, yet possess the genuine ring of folk-song.

To the same foundation in real occurrence must be attributed the unrivalled variety of

incident and circumstance which is presented by the ballads. Notwithstanding the confusion and the assimilation of one composition with another which must have been unavoidable in the course of oral tradition, no other body of poetry of the same size at all rivals the collection of national folk-song in diversity of subject. The works of any single poet remain inevitably tinged throughout with the tastes and character of their writer. They present life viewed through a glass of one colour. The ballads, on the other hand, have grown separately out of the incidents they describe, and, like the human beings themselves whose real life they reflect, possess each a distinct individuality of its own. History, legend, heroism, romance, allegory, humour, and superstition, all and more are represented, and each in as many phases and with differentiations as circumstantial as in the events of actual existence.

Ballad verse appears to be akin to the ancient unrhymed alliterative measure of which a well-known specimen is "Piers Plowman's Vision," the composition of Chaucer's contemporary William Langland. Ordinary ballad verse rhymes in couplets of twelve or fourteen syllables, which break up into four-line stanzas with rhymes occurring at the end of the second and fourth lines. The rhythm is one of accent

rather than of feet, and rhyme in many cases gives place to the looser device of assonance. The further license of metre in such words as *countrée*, *harpér*, *battél*, *morning*, which is an additional distinction from the usage of the early written poetry of the country, was probably common in the vernacular of the people. It is so, indeed, to the present writer's knowledge, in remote districts of Scotland even yet.

The writer of the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which has been already referred to, basing his theory on the fact that the word "ballad" is derived from the Old French *baller*, to dance, seeks to assert that all ballads were originally songs sung to the rhythmic movement of a dancing measure. Something, no doubt, can be said in support of such a theory. In a certain passage of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, among certain dances taken part in by the shepherds and their wives, are mentioned "Robin Hood," "Thom of Lyn," and "Johnne Ermistrangis Dance." Any extreme conclusion, however, which might be drawn from the mention of the names of ballads in this connection must be destroyed by perusal of the passage which immediately precedes that mention in the *Complaynt*. The shepherds, their wives, and servants, are represented as first rehearsing certain "stories and flet taylis," which are

named, and consist of ballads known for the most part to the present day, like "The Tayl of the Yong Tamlene," "Robene Hude and Lital Jhone," and "The Tayl of the Thre Vierd Systirs."* Next, "quhen thir scheiphyrdis hed tald al thyr pleysand storeis, than they and their wyves began to sing sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite," among which "sangis" are enumerated also several well-known ballads, such as "The Battle of Harlaw" and "The Hunts of Cheviot." "Thir scheiphyrdis and their wyves," the writer continues, "sang mony other melodi sangis, the quhilkis I hef nocht in memorie. Than eftir this sueit celest armonye, tha began to dance in ane ring: everie ald sheipherd led his wyfe be the hand, and everie yong sheipherd led her quhome he luffit best." Among the dances mentioned occur those upon which the writer of the article in the *Encyclopædia* founds his theory. It should be noticed, however, not only that all the dance tunes named are not the names of ballads, but that of all the many ballads named only three are mentioned in connection with dance tunes. The obvious conclusion, therefore, would seem to be, not that ballads were composed to furnish

* Probably the legend of Macbeth's meeting with the three witches near Forres, which is recounted in Wyntoun's *Cronykil*, and which, through the channel of Boece and Hollinshed, furnished Shakespeare with his effective scene.

rhythmic measures for the dance, but merely that some of the ballads were chanted to tunes which were also used for dancing, or, as seems most probable, that certain dances were named after well-known ballad heroes.

Gerald Barry, who is believed to have flourished about the year 1200, has left it upon record that the Scots used three musical instruments, the zither or harp, the timbrel, and the chorus. To the accompaniment of these it is probable the ballads were sung. The air, like the tune of many Scottish songs still to be heard in out-of-the-way places, was probably a kind of crooning lilt containing little variation or melody, which could be kept up for an hour at a time without greatly taxing the powers of the reciter.

Many of the ballads, and among them some which are well enough known, are mere bald narratives of fact, with poetry neither of sentiment nor of diction, and interesting only because of their antiquity or their allusion to historical events. Side by side with these, however, like pure gold among sand, there exists a body of popular poetry, the unconscious and spontaneous record of what for ages has been held rarest, finest, and most heroic by the mind of the country. It may be true that folk-song is essentially pagan. Alexander Smith has remarked that in these compositions "the wild


eyes of passion, on whatever message she is bent, whether to kill or save, are seldom turned in the direction of the Decalogue. The full heart is its own law."* Between the sexes the relationship is very much that of the days when Jupiter walked the earth and Æneas tarried with the Carthaginian queen; while the first law of property appears to be that "he should take who has the power, and he should keep who can." But, the pagan morality of the ballads granted, there remains on the part of the ballad writers a keen sense of honour and poetic justice, and a sentiment of gallantry and tenderness towards women, which are not surpassed in any poetry, and which must continue to do honour to the rude age and the people whose secret heart and instinct they express. Here breathes the soul of a romantic, poor, and struggling people who, amid the hardships and harryings of storm-torn centuries, never yet forgot that life at its truest is a thing of the spirit, nor ceased, as they fought and triumphed and were slain, to feel again and again upon their faces something of the magic of the light that never was on sea or land.

* *Edinburgh Essays*, article on Ballads.

SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY.

BURD ELLEN.

[Many versions of this ballad have been printed. It appeared as "Child Waters" in Percy's *Reliques*, as "Burd Ellen" in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs* and in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, and as "Lady Margaret" in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. Much the best version is furnished by Kinloch, and it is that in Kinloch's annotated copy, completed from the Kinloch MS. (in which it is named "Burd Ellen"), which is here followed. Ballads of somewhat similar tenor exist in Danish and Swedish folk-song, but of them all the Scottish composition is undeniably the finest. Professor Child says of it that "it has perhaps no superior in English (or Scottish), and if not in English (or Scottish), perhaps nowhere." Some resemblance may be traced between the trials to which Ellen is put to prove her love and similar trials in the Arthurian story of Geraint and Enid as it appears in Tennyson's *Idylls*. A parallel may also be found in the case of Chaucer's Patient Griselda. Professor Veitch is of opinion (*History and Poetry of the Border*, p. 262) that "Burd Ellen" is a modernized version of the *Lai le Freisne* of Marie of France, written about 1250, of which an English translation exists in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library.]

"HE corn is turning ripe, Lord John,
The nuts are growing fu',
And ye are bound for your ain countrie,
Fain wad I go wi' you."

"Wi' me, Ellen, wi' me, Ellen,
What wad ye do wi' me?
I've mair need o' a pretty little boy
To wait upon my steed."

"It's I will be your pretty little boy
To wait upon your steed;
And ilka town that we come to,
A pack of hounds I'll lead."

"My hounds will eat o' the bread o' wheat,
And ye of the bread of bran;
And then you will sit and sigh
That e'er ye lo'ed a man."

The first water that they cam' to,
I think they call it Clyde,
He saftly unto her did say
"Burd Ellen¹, will ye ride?"

* Lady Ellen.

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee;
Says, "Wae be to ye, waefu' water,
For through ye I maun be."

The second step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle,
And sighed and said Burd Ellen
"I've stained my gowden girdle!"

The third step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the neck;
The pretty babe within her sides,
The cauld it gar'd it quake.

"Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,
Lie still as lang's ye may;
For your father rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae."

It's when she cam' to the other side
She sat down on a stane,
Says, "Them that made me, help me now,
For I am far frae hame!

"How far is it frae your mither's bower,
Gude Lord John, tell to me?"
"It's thirty miles, Burd Ellen,
It's thirty miles and three;
And ye'se be wed to ane o' her serving-men,
For ye'se get nae mair o' me."

Then up bespak' the wily parrot,
As it sat on the tree,
"Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John," it said,
"Sae loud as I hear ye lee.

"Ye say it's thirty miles frae your mither's bower,
When it's but barely three;
And she'll ne'er be wed to a serving-man,
For she'll be your ain ladye."

"O dinna ye see yon bonnie castle
Lies on yon sunny lea?
And ye'se get ane o' my mither's men,
For ye'se get nae mair o' me."

"Weel see I yon bonnie castle,
 Lies on yon sunny lea;
 But I'se ne'er hae nane o' your mither's men,
 Though I never get mair o' thee."

When he cam' to the porter's yett¹
 He tirl'd at the pin;*
 And wha sae ready as the bauld porter
 To open and let him in?

Mony a lord and fair lady
 Met Lord John in the close,
 But the bonniest face amang them a'
 Was hauding Lord John's horse.

Mony a lord and lady bricht
 Met Lord John on the green,
 But the bonniest boy amang them a'
 Was standing by, him leen².

self alone.

Mony a lord and gay lady
 Sat dining in the ha',
 But the bonniest face that was there
 Was waiting on them a'.

O up bespak' Lord John's sister,
 A sweet young maid was she:

* Instead of a knocker, the house-doors in Scotland used to be furnished with a rod of iron a few inches in length, nicked on the inner side and stapled into the wood at each end. A ring with a loose handle was hung upon it. This, being shaken up and down, made a rattling noise, and the application was called tirling at the pin.

"My brither has brought a bonnie young page,
His like I ne'er did see;
But the red flits fast frae his cheek,
And the tear stands in his e'e."

But up bespak' Lord John's mither,
She spak' wi' meikle scorn;
"He's liker a woman great wi' bairn
Than ony waiting-man."

"It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,
And gi'e my steed the hay."
"O that I will, my dear master,
As fast as I can gae."

She took the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intil her hand,
But atween the stable door and the sta'
Burd Ellen made a stand.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun^t for bed,
Lord John, mither, and sister gay
In ae bower they were laid.

^t ready.

Lord John hadna weel gat aff his claise,
Nor was he weel laid down,
Till his mither heard a bairn greet,
And a woman's heavy moan.

"Win up, win up, Lord John," she said,
"Seek neither hose nor shoon;
For I've heard a bairn loud greet,
And a woman's heavy moan."

Lord John rose, put on his clothes,
Sought neither stockens nor shoon,
And between the ha' and the stable
He made not a step but one.

"O open, open to me, Burd Ellen,
O open and let me in!"
"O yes, O yes will I, Lord John,
But not till I can win.
O yes will I, Lord John," she says,
"But I'm lying wi' your young son."

ight, took.
He's ta'en the door wi' his foot,
And he kepped^r it wi' his knee,
He made the door of double deals
In splinters soon to flee.

"An askin' ye'll grant me, Lord John,
An askin' ye'll grant me;
May the meanest maid about the place
Bring a glass o' water to me?"

"O hold your tongue, Burd Ellen," he said,
"Let a' your askings be;
For the best maid about the house
Shall bring a glass o' wine to thee.

"And the best bed about it a'
For my young son and thee;
My mother and my ae sister
Shall bear you company.

"Your marriage and your kirkin' day
They shall be both in ane,
And a' these ha's and bowers, Burd Ellen,
They shall be yours and mine."

And he has ta'en Burd Ellen
And rowed her in the silk;
And he has ta'en his ain young son
And washed him in the milk.

THE GAY GOSHAWK.

[Printed first in collated form by Scott, and subsequently, under the title of "The Scottish Squire," by Buchan, this ballad exists in its finest form as "The Jolly Goshawk" in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. From the last named it is accordingly printed here. The more usual title is reverted to, as it is that in Motherwell's MS.; and the stanzas in which the lady repeats her demand to mother, sister, and brothers, omitted in the *Minstrelsy*, are also added from the MS. Professor Child quotes the French ballad of "Belle Isambourg" as a parallel instance in which a maid feigns death in order to escape to her lover. Juliet's resort to the same device in favour of Romeo will also occur to every reader. The Ettrick Shepherd appears to have obtained from "The Gay Goshawk" almost the entire materials for his beautiful poem "Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow," who, like the heroine of the ancient ballad, is borne to her lover on her bier. In Scott's collated version the *dénouement* of the story takes place at St. Mary's Kirk, presumably that by St. Mary's Loch, where the lovers in "The Douglas Tragedy" are said to be buried. The same editor observes of the beautiful simile of the "blood drops upon snow" that it also occurs in the ancient romance of "Sir Tristrem":

A bride bright thai ches
As blod opon snoweing.]

"O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee,
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me."

"O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know?
I bear the lips to her never spak',
And the eyes that her never saw."

“The thing of my love’s face that’s white
Is that of dove or maw;
The thing of my love’s face that’s red
Is like blood shed on snaw.

“And when you come to the castle,
Light on the bush of ash,
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she comes from the mass.

“And when she gaes into the house
Sit ye upon the whin¹;
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she goes out and in.”

¹ gorse.

And when he flew to that castle,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sang their loves
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she went out and in.

“Come hitherward, my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie’s moan.”

She’s gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew,
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

age.

"Ye're bidden send your love a send^r,
For he has sent you twa;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava^r."

l.

"I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands off my hair;
I send him the heart that's in my breast;
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland gar bury me.

"At the first kirk of fair Scotland
You cause the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland
You cause the mass be sung;

"At the third kirk of fair Scotland
You deal gold for my sake;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
O there you'll bury me at.

"And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me."
"Your asking is but small," he said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

She hied her to her mother dear,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my mother dear,
An asking ye grant me;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

"And now, my tender mother dear,
This asking grant you me."
"Your asking is but small," she said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

She hied her to her sister dear,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my sister dear,
An asking ye grant me;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

"And now, my tender sister dear,
This asking grant you me."
"Your asking is but small," she said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

She hied her to her seven brothers,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
An asking ye grant me;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

"And now, my tender brothers dear,
This asking grant you me."
"Your asking is but small," they said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

Then down as dead that lady drapped
Beside her mother's knee.
Then out it spak' an auld witch-wife,
By the fire-side sat she,

Says, "Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again:
For much a lady young will do
To her true-love to win."

They drapped the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin;
They drapped it on her red-rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room
To make to her a bier;
The boards of it were cedar-wood,
And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room
To make to her a sark;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking¹ silken wark.

¹ stitching.

"But well is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
Come shew to me any love-tokens
That you have brought to me."

"She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair;
She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would you have mair?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there."

"Come hither all, my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine;
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine."

At the first kirk of fair Scotland
They gar'd the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland
They gar'd the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland
They dealt gold for her sake;
At the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpse," he said,
"Till I look on the dead.
The last time that I saw her face
She ruddy was and red;
But now, alas, and woe is me!
She's wallowit^{*} like a weed."

^{*} withered.

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin;
With lily-white cheek and leamin' een¹
She looked and laughed to him.

ing eyes.

"Give me a chive² of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine,
For I have fasted for your love
These weary lang days nine;
There's not a steed in your stable
But would have been dead ere syne³.

since.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you can say in the south of England
Your sister gave you a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the meal⁴;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the silks so weel.

id.

"I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the gold so red."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

[On the Douglas Burn, which falls into the Yarrow at the foot of St. Mary's Loch, stands to the present day the crumbling ruin of Blackhouse Tower. The castle was a very ancient possession of the great house of Douglas, Sir John Douglas, eldest son of William, first Lord Douglas, having, according to Godscroft the family historian, sat in a parliament of Malcolm Canmore at Forfar as baronial lord of Douglas Burn. It is from this ancient tower that Lady Margaret in the ballad is said to have been carried by her lover. About a mile further up the glen seven stones are still shown as marking the spot where Lord William engaged in deadly combat with the seven brothers, and the bridle road which the fleeing lovers are said to have followed across the hills, we are assured by Professor Veitch, can still easily be traced. Tradition also points out as the burial-place of the lovers the chapel of St. Mary, of which all that now remains is a green mound in a little enclosure of graves on the lonely hillside above St. Mary's Loch. The situation of these localities sufficiently explains the allusions of the ballad.

At the same time it has to be remarked, as already noticed in the introduction, that "The Douglas Tragedy" in many of its incidents finds a counterpart in the Danish ballad of "Ribolt and Guldberg," of which the localities have similarly been identified by the collector Grundtvig.

The best original version of the ballad is that in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, which version was got chiefly from a printed copy supplied by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The three last verses were partly corrected from tradition. Other versions of the same story are known under the titles of "Earl Brand," "Erlinton," and "The Child of Elle."]

"RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,

"And put on your armour so bright;

Let it never be said that a daughter of thine

Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine;
And aye she dightet¹ her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

¹ wiped.

"O choose, O choose, Lady Marg'ret," he said,

"O whether will ye gang or bide?"

"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,

"For you have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,

And himself on a dapple grey,

With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,

And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,

And a' by the light of the moon,

Until they came to yon wan water,

And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink

Of the spring that ran sae clear;

And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,

And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,

"For I fear that you are slain!"

"Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,

That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,

And a' by the light of the moon,

Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,

And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,

"Get up, and let me in!"

Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,

"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak' it braid and deep;
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

* wound together. And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they would be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonnie brier,
And flang it in St. Mary's Loch.

TAM LIN.

[Carterhaugh, the flat tongue of land at the meeting of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, is said by tradition to have been the scene of this ballad. Two miles further up the Yarrow stands Newark Castle, an ancient royal residence and the supposed scene of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which is believed to have been the home of Fair Janet. There is also a tradition, however, that this was in the tower of Oakwood. On Carterhaugh, Scott informs us, the peasants in his time used to point out those dark circles in the grass which are popularly known as fairy rings, and believed to be the marks left by the revels of the elfin folk. Here, it is said, Janet placed the pails of milk and of water in which to dip her lover. Professor Child, in his introduction to the ballad, compares the story with Danish, Cretan, and Greek tales in which similar metamorphoses play a part, quoting especially the classic narrative of the forced marriage of Thetis with Peleus, in which the nereid, seized by the hair by her lover, turns to fire, water, and a wild beast in his hands before assuming her womanly shape. The ballad as a ballad, however, he concludes, is not found in the possession of any people but the Scottish.]

The "Tayl of the Yong Tamlene" is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland* (1649). Versions of the ballad have been printed in the collections of Johnson, Buchan, Motherwell, and Scott, the last being extensively collated. The least corrupted, and on the whole the best version is that of Johnson's *Museum*, communicated by Robert Burns. It is that copy which is here printed.]

"O I FORBID you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

"There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But they leave him a wad¹,
Either their rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead."

¹ pledge.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel'.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, "Lady, thou's pu' nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet?
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh,
Withouten my command?"

"Carterhaugh it is my ain;
My daddie gave it me:
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha'
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba':
And out then cam' the fair Janet,
Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then cam' the fair Janet,
As green as ony glass.

Out then spak' an old grey knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa',
And says, "Alas! fair Janet, for thee,
But we'll be blamed a'!"

"Haud yer tongue, ye auld-faced knight,
Some ill death may ye die!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'il father nane on thee."

Out then spak' her father dear,
And he spak' meek and mild;
"And ever, alas! sweet Janet," he says,
"I fear thou gaes wi' child."

"If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel' maun bear the blame;
There's ne'er a laird about your ha'
Shall get the bairn's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gi'e my ain true love,
For nae lord that ye ha'e.

"The steed that my true love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi' siller he is shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam' to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel'.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
When up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, "Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonnie babe,
That we gat us between?"*

"O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin," she says,
"For's sake that died on tree,
If e'er ye was in holy chapel,
Or Christendom did see?"

* See the reference to a similar purpose in the ballad of "Mary Hamilton" *infra*.

"Roxburgh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

"And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell¹;
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell,
The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

¹ keen, piercing.

"And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Aye, at the end of seven years,
We pay a tiend² to hell;
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh,
I'm feared it be mysel'.

² tithe.

"But the night is Hallowe'en, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

"Just at the mirk and midnight hour,
The fairy folk will ride;
And they that wad their true love win
At Miles Cross they maun bide³."

³ must wait.

"But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true love know,
Amang sae mony unco⁴ knights,
The like I never saw?"

⁴ unknown.

terwards.

"O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne¹ let pass the brown;
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu' ye his rider down.

"For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight,
They gi'e me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, lady,
My left hand will be bare;
Cocked up shall my bonnet be,
And kaim'd down shall my hair;
And thae's the tokens I gi'e thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

1 eft.

"They'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk² and adder;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

"They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

ad of iron.

"Again they'll turn me in your arms,
To a red-het gaud of airn³;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I'll do to you nae harm.

“And last they’ll turn me in your arms
Into the burning lead,
Then throw me into well water;
O throw me in wi’ speed!

“And then I’ll be your ain true love,
I’ll turn a naked knight,
Then cover me wi’ your green mantle,
And cover me out o’ sight.”

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o’ the night.
She heard the bridles ring;
The lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu’d the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win;
Syne covered him wi’ her green mantle,
As blythe’s a bird in spring.

Then out spak’ the Queen o’ Fairies,
Out of a bush o’ broom:
“Them that hæs gotten young Tam Lin,
“Has gotten a stately groom.”

Out then spak' the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry quean was she :
"Shame betide her ill-faured face,
And an ill death may she die !
For she's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my company.

"But had I kenn'd, Tam Lin," she says,
"What now this sight I see,
I wad ha'e ta'en out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree."

FAIR ANNIE.

[Versions of this ballad exist in Swedish, Dutch, and German; it is substantially the same as the Breton romance "Lai le Freisne," and it agrees in every respect with the Danish "Skioen Anna" translated by Jamieson from the *Kæmpe Viser*. Versions of it under different titles, "Fair Annie," "Lady Jane," "The Fause Lord," &c., have been printed in nearly all the great Scottish collections. Of these the most complete, under the title of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie," was obtained by Scott, "chiefly from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill in West Lothian." It is this which is here followed.]

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,

And learn to lie your lane¹;

¹ alone.

For I'm gaun o'er the sea, fair Annie,

A braw bride to bring hame.

Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;

Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,

Or brew my bridal ale?

And wha will welcome my brisk bride

That I bring o'er the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,

And brew your bridal ale;

And I will welcome your brisk bride,

That you bring o'er the dale."

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride

Maun gang like maiden fair;

She maun lace on her robe sae jimp²,

² neat.

And braid her yellow hair."

"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not borne seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride
Before she come to land."

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursel' down fa'."

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;
I wot she didna fail!
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas;
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome, with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, lady,
You're welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, lady,
For a' that's here is yours."

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie;
Sae dearly as I thank thee!
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away;
The shame scoup^{*} in his company,
And land where'er he gae!"

^{*} skip.

She hang a napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had^a her colour fine.

^a hold, keep.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with brown;
And aye she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
 Hung on a silver pin;
 And aye he wipes the tear trickling
 Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
 And smiled amang his men,
 Says, "Like ye best the old lady,
 Or her that's new come hame?"

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bound to bed,
 Lord Thomas and his new-come bride
 To their chamber they were gaed¹.

¹ gone.

Annie made her bed a little forbye²,
 To hear what they might say;
 "And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
 "That I should see this day!

² apart.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
 Running on the castle wa',
 And I were a grey cat mysel',
 I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
 Running o'er yon lily lea,
 And I were a grey-hound³ mysel',
 Soon worried they a' should be."

³ greyhound.

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
 And dreary was her sang;
 And ever, as she sobbed and grat,
 "Wae to the man that did the wrang!"

"My gown is on," said the new-come bride,

"My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet¹.

¹ makes her weep.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds²,
Or is your white bread gone?

² hoops.

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother?"

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother:
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne³.

³ lose.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gi'e them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame!"

KING HENRIE.

[This piece was obtained by Scott from the MS. of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, lent him by Jamieson, corrected from a recited fragment. It was afterwards published by Jamieson with additions of his own. The legend resembles "The Marriage of Sir Gawain" printed in Percy's *Reliques*, "The Wife of Bath's Tale" in Chaucer, and the story of the knight Florent in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. It is apparently derived from the Arthurian romance cycle of "Sir Gawayne" (edited for the Bannatyne Club by Sir Fred. Madden, 1839). A parallel story, however, appears in the Icelandic saga of "Hrólf Kraki" translated by Torfæus, and in the Gaelic tale "Nighean Rìgh fo Thuinn," included in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. In most of these versions the lady asks her bedfellow whether he will have her fair by day or by night, and on his bidding her "choose for us both," she replies with, "Gramercy! since you have made me sovereign, I shall be both night and day as I am now."]

LET never man a-wooing wend

That lacketh thingis three;

¹ plenty, wealth.

A rowth¹ o' gold, an open heart,

And fu' o' courtesy.

And this was seen o' King Henrie,

² solitary.

For he lay burd-alane²;

And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',

Was seven miles frae a toun.

He's chased the dun deer through the wood,

And the roe down by the den,

Till the fattest buck in a' the herd

King Henrie he has slain.

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
For to make burly cheer;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
And an earthquake rocked the floor;

And darkness covered a' the hall
Where they sat at their meat;
The grey dogs, yowling, left their food,
And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder howled the rising wind,
And burst the fastened door;
And in there came a grisly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor.

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
Her middle ye weel mot span:
Each frightened huntsman fled the ha',
And left the King alane.

Her teeth were a' like tether-stakes,
Her nose like club or mell¹;
And I ken naething she appeared to be
But the fiend that wons² in hell.

¹ mallet.

² dwells.

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Henrie,
Some meat ye gi'e to me!"
"And what meat's i' this house, lady,
That ye're na welcome tee?"
"O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

O when he killed his berry-brown steed,
Wow, gin his heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie,
Mair meat ye gi'e to me!"
"And what meat's i' this house, lady,
That ye're na welcome tee?"
"O ye do slay your gude grey-hounds,
And bring them a' to me."

O when he slew his gude grey-hounds,
Wow, but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie,
Mair meat ye gi'e to me!"
"And what meat's i' this house, lady,
That I ha'e left to gi'e?"
"O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
And bring them a' to me."

O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,
Wow, but his heart was sair!
She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, ye King Henrie,
Some drink ye gi'e to me!"

"And what drink's i' this house, lady,
That ye're na welcome tee?"
"O ye sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me."

O he has sewed up the bluidy hide,
And put in a pipe of wine;
She drank it a' up at ae draught,
Left na a drap therein.

"A bed, a bed, ye King Henrie,
A bed ye mak' to me!"
"And what's the bed i' this house lady,
That ye're na welcome tee?"
"O ye maun pu' the green heather,
And mak' a bed to me."

O pu'd has he the heather green,
And made to her a bed;
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
And o'er it he has spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye King Henrie,
To take me for your bride!"
"O God forbid," King Henrie said,
"That e'er the like betide!
That e'er the fiend that wons in hell
Should streak^{*} down by my side."

^{*} stretch.

* * * * *

When day was come, and night was gane,
And the sun shone through the ha',
The fairest lady that e'er was seen
Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" King Henrie said,
"How lang will this last wi' me?"
And out and spak' that lady fair,
"E'en till the day ye die.

"For I was witch'd to a ghastly shape,
All by my stepdame's skill,
Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight
Wad gi'e me a' my will."

THE TWA SISTERS.

[This ballad has been known under many titles—"Binnorie," "The Cruel Sister," "The Miller and the King's Daughter," "The Bonnie Bows o' London," "Sister, dear Sister," and "The Drowned Lady." A version of it has appeared in nearly every ballad collection since 1656, when, says Professor Child, it was printed on a broadside by Dr. Rimbault. It is still popular, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but throughout Europe, and the learned editor already referred to cites collateral narratives from the folk-lore of Africa and China. The finest Scottish version is that taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, which was printed by Jamieson with emendations in his *Popular Ballads*; it has been printed clear of these by Prof. Child, and in this form is the copy here followed.

In the Norwegian versions the harper sings his intelligence at the bridal of the elder sister, who, her cruelty being discovered, is discarded by the bridegroom, and sent to the wheel and stake.]

THERE was twa sisters in a bower,
 Edinburgh, Edinburgh!
 There was twa sisters in a bower,
 Stirling for aye!
 There was twa sisters in a bower,
 There came a knight to be their wooer,
 Bonnie Saint Johnston stands upon Tay!

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring;
 But he loved the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' brooch and knife;
 But loved the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
 And much envied her sister fair.

Intil her bower she couldna rest ;
Wi' grief and spite she almost brast¹.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear :

"Oh, sister, come to yon sea-strand,
And see our father's ships come to land."

She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her down to yon sea-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came and threw her in.

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonnie back to the jaw².

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,
And I'se mak' you heir to a' my land.

"O sister, sister, tak' my middle,
And ye'se get my gowd and my gowden girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life,
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife."

"Foul fa' the hand that I should tak',
It's twined³ me and my warld's maik⁴.

"Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair,
Gars me gang maiden for evermair."

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonnie mill-dam.

Oh, out it came the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid soumin' in.

"O father, father, draw your dam;
Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

You couldna see her yellow hair,
For gold and pearl that were so rare.

You couldna see her middle sma',
For gowden girdle that was sae braw.

You couldna see her fingers white,
For gowden rings that was sae gryte¹.

¹ large, great.

By there came a harper fine,
That harpèd to the king at dine.

And when he looked that lady upon,
He sighed, and made a heavy moan.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing
Was 'Farewell to my father the king!'

The nextin tune that he played syne
Was 'Farewell to my mother the queen!'

The lasten tune that he played then
Was 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen!'

CLERK SAUNDERS.

[Notwithstanding suggestions of parallels in Scandinavian and other folk-song, "Clerk Saunders" in its essential particulars is a ballad belonging to Scotland alone. Versions of it have been printed by Scott, Jamieson, Motherwell, Kinloch, and Buchan. That in Herd's MS., from which Scott emendated his copy, must be considered the best. "Nothing," says Jamieson, "could have been better imagined than the circumstance of killing Clerk Saunders while his mistress was asleep; nor can anything be more natural or pathetic than the three stanzas that follow. They might have charmed a whole volume of bad poetry against the ravages of time." The ballad is here printed from the first version in Herd, only the lost lines being supplied from the second version of the same editor.]

CLERK SAUNDERS and May Margaret

Walked ower yon gravelled green,
And sad and heavy was the love,
I wat, it fell this twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,

"A bed, a bed for you and me!"

"Fye no, fye no," the lady said,

"Until the day we married be.

"For in it will come my seven brothers,

And a' their torches burning bright;

They'll say, 'We ha'e but ae sister,

And here she's lying wi' a knight!"

“Ye’ll tak’ the sword frae my scabbard,
And lowly, lowly, lift the gin;
And you may say, your oath to save,
You never let Clerk Saunders in.

“Ye’ll tak’ a napkin in your hand,
And ye’ll tie up baith your een;
And ye may say, your oath to save,
You saw na Sandy sin’ late yestreen.

“Ye’ll tak’ me in your arms twa,
Ye’ll carry me ben¹ into your bed;
And ye may say, your oath to save,
On your bower floor I never tread.”

¹ to the inner
apartment.

She has ta’en the sword frae his scabbard,
And lowly, lowly, lifted the gin;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She never let Clerk Saunders in.

She has ta’en a napkin in her hand,
And she tied up baith her een;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She saw na him sin’ late yestreen.

She has ta’en him in her arms twa,
And carried him ben into her bed;
She was to say, her oath to save,
He never on her bower floor tread.

In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright,
Says they, "We ha'e but ae sister,
And see there she's lying wi' a knight."

Out and speaks the first of them,
"I wat they ha'e been lovers dear."
Out and speaks the next of them,
"They ha'e been in love this mony a year."

Out and speaks the third of them,
"It were great sin this twa to twain."
Out and speaks the fourth of them,
"It were a sin to kill a sleeping man."

Out and speaks the fifth of them,
"I wat they'll ne'er be twained by me."
Out and speaks the sixth of them,
"We'll tak' our leave and gae our way."

Out and speaks the seventh of them,
"Although there were no a man but me,
I bear the brand into my hand
Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders dee.

Out he has ta'en a bright long brand,
And he has striped it through the straw,
And through and through Clerk Saunders' body
I wat he has gar'd cold iron gae.

Saunders he started and Marg'ret she lapt
Intil his arms, where she lay;
And well and wellsome was the night,
I wat it was, between these twae.

And they lay still and sleepéd sound
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly till him she did say,
"It's time, true love, ye were awa."

They lay still and sleepéd sound
Until the sun began to shine;
She looked between her and the wa',
And dull and heavy were his een.

She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
I wat, it had fallen this twa between;
But it was the blood of his fair body;
I wat his life days were na lang.

"O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
What other ladies wouldna thole¹;
When seven years is come and gone
There's ne'er a shoe go on my sole.

¹ endure.

"O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
What other ladies would think mair,
When seven years is come and gone
There's ne'er a comb go in my hair.

"O Saunders, I'll do for your sake
 What other ladies would think lack,
 When seven years is come and gone
 I'll wear nought but dowie¹ black."

¹ doleful.

The bells gaed clinking through the town
 To carry the dead corpse to the clay,
 And, sighing, says her, May Marg'ret,
 "I wat I bide a dulefu' day."

In and come her father dear,
 Canny² cam' he stepping in;
 Says, "Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
 What need ye mak' sic heavy mene³? *

² softly, carefully.

³ moan.

"Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,
 Let all your mourning a be;
 I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
 And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort well your seven sons,
 For comforted will I never be;
 For it was neither lord nor loun
 That was in bower last night wi' me."

* The stanza, imperfect in Herd's, is completed from Kinloch's version.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

[The only original version of this strange and powerful ballad appeared in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.]

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came back to the carline¹ wife
That her three sons were gane.

¹ Fem. of *carl*, a man. Here probably means "rustic."

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes² in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

² troubles.
Fr. *fâcheries*.

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
And their hats were o' the birk³.

³ birch.

* rill.

* trench, furrow.

It neither grew in syke¹ nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh²;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

* * * * *

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but ance,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

³ fretting.

⁴ must abide.

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin'³ worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide⁴.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonnie lass
That kindles my mother's fire."

COSPATRICK.

[Under such different titles as "Bothwell," "Lord Bengwill," "Lord Dingwall," "We were Sisters, we were Seven," "Gil Brenton," and "Cospatrick," eight different versions of this ballad have been printed. The finest are those printed from the Jamieson-Brown MS. by Professor Child, and by Scott chiefly from the recitation of his mother's sister, Miss Christian Rutherford, of which the last is here followed. Danish and Swedish versions of the ballad are also well known under the titles of "Ingefred og Gudrun" and "Riddar Olle." It has been suggested by Professor Child that the idea of the tale may have been derived from the ancient romance of "Tristan and Isold." It is rather possible, however, that the bridal substitution of Brengwain the bright for her mistress, in that story, may have been suggested by the incident of the ballad, folklore being more ancient than romance. Cospatrick (*Comes Patricius*) was the ancient name of the Earl of Dunbar.]

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem ;
 Cospatrick brought his lady hame ;
 And fourscore ships have come her wi',
 The lady by the greenwood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
 And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
 And twal' and twal' wi' bouted¹ flour,
 And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

¹ bolted.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
 And at her stirrup he did run ;
 And she was clad in the finest pall²,
 But aye she let the tears down fall.

² rich cloth.

"O is your saddle set awry?
Or rides your steed for you ower high?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"

"I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing in my mood
That I suld leave my mother good.

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie?"
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
"Will ill a gentle lady please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

"Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsel o' your bower."

The lady's called her bower-maiden,
That waiting was into her train;
"Five thousand merks I'll gi'e to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."

* said.

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne*,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonnie maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

"Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
And speak up, my bonnie brown sword, that winna lee,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"

"It is not a maid that you ha'e wedded,
But it is a maid that you ha'e bedded;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land!
I courted a maiden, meek and mild,
And I ha'e gotten naething but a woman wi' child."

"O stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merry men a';
And I will to the secret bower,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."

The carline she was stark and sture¹,
She aff the hinges dang the dure²;

"O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?"

"O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

¹ strong and
rough.

² drove the door.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
 When a' our toilsome task was done,
 We cast the kevils¹ us amang
 To see which suld to the greenwood gang.

¹ lots.
 "Ohon! alas, for I was youngest,
 And aye my weird² it was the hardest!
 The kevil it on me did fa',
 Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

"For to the greenwood I maun gae,
 To pu' the red rose and the slae;
 To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
 To deck my mother's bower and mine.

"I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
 When by there came a gallant hende³,
 Wi' high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon⁴,
 And he seemed to be some kingis son;

"And be I a maid, or be I nae,
 He kept me there till the close o' day;
 And be I a maid, or be I nane,
 He kept me there till the day was done.

"He gae me a lock' o' his yellow hair,
 And bade me keep it evermair;
 He gae me a carknet⁵ o' bonnie beads,
 And bade me keep it against my needs.

"He gae to me a gay gold ring,
 And bade me keep it abune a' thing."
 "What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
 That ye gat frae that gallant there?"

⁵ necklace.

"O bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see."
"Now stay, daughter, your bower within,
While I gae parley wi' my son."

O she has ta'en her through the ha',
And on her son began to ca':
"What did ye wi' the bonnie beads
I bade you keep against your needs?

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"
"I gae them to a lady gay,
I met in greenwood on a day.

"But I would gi'e a' my halls and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers;
But I wad gi'e my very life,
I had that lady to my wife."

"Now keep, my son, your ha's and towers,
Ye have that bright burd¹ in your bowers;
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that lady to your wife."

¹ damsel.

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The lady bare a bonnie son;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,
"Cospatrick is my father's name."
O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk.

KEMP OWYNE.

[Tales of enchantment in which lovely maidens or brave youths are held bound, sometimes in loathsome shapes, till they be set free by a mortal's kiss, are familiar in the folklore of the northern nations. The story of Beauty and the Beast, and the Legend of the Briar Rose, will at once occur to the mind of the reader. Similar episodes were common in the romances of chivalry. One of these, the adventure of Brandimarte, is cited by Scott from the Orlando Innamorato, and similar episodes in several other romances are adduced by Professor Child. Among ballads based upon this idea, the most vigorous and original are "Kemp Owyne" and "Alison Gross." "Kemp Owyne" was believed by Sir Walter Scott, who printed it for the first time, to be itself an old metrical romance degraded by the wear and tear of time into a ballad; and its fragmentary condition seems to support such a hypothesis. Motherwell considered the Owyne of the ballad to be Owain ap Urien, king of Reged, who was celebrated by the bards Taliessin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welsh historical Triads. Sir Ewein, we know, was one of the knights of the Round Table, cousin to Sir Gawain, and nephew to King Arthur himself.* A similar legend to that of "Kemp Owyne" forms the subject of "The Laidley Worm of Spindleston-heugh," a ballad which was very popular upon the Borders in a version composed, or at least re-written, by the Rev. Mr. Lamb of Norham. The best version of "Kemp Owyne" is that printed by Buchan in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland*. It is the version here followed.]

HER mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once in an unlucky time
She threw her in ower Craig's sea.

* *Merlin*; or, *The Early History of King Arthur*. Early English Text Society.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea
And borrow^r you with kisses three."
"Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

^r redeem.

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people far and near
Thought that a savage beast was she.
These news did come to Kemp Owyne
Where he lived, far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast looked he;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree;
And with a swing she came about,
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be.
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree;

And with a swing she came about,

“Come to Craigy’s sea and kiss with me.

“Here is a royal ring,” she said,

“That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your finger it is on,

Drawn shall your blood never be,

But if you touch me, tail or fin,

I swear my ring your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,

The royal ring he brought him wi’ ;

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang

And twisted ance about the tree ;

And with a swing she came about,

“Come to Craigy’s sea and kiss with me.

“Here is a royal brand,” she said,

“That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your body it is on,

Drawn shall your blood never be.

But if you touch me, tail or fin,

I swear my brand your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,

The royal brand he brought him wi’ ;

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,

And twisted nane about the tree ;

And smilingly she came about

As fair a woman as fair could be.

ALISON GROSS.

[This composition, which affords a good illustration of one form of the witchcraft superstitions of the Middle Ages, was printed by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* from the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland. Professor Child cites as parallels a Greek tale in which a nereid transforms her unwilling lover into a snake until he shall find another love as fair as she; also certain Danish and Norwegian folksongs in which elves, hill-trolls, and mermaids are transformed to lovely womanhood by the breaking of spells.]

O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,
 The ugliest witch i' the north countrie,
 She trysted me¹ ae day up till her bower,
 And mony fair speech she made to me.

¹ engaged me to come.

She straiked my head, and she kaim'd my hair,
 And she set me down saftly on her knee;
 Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
 Sae mony braw things as I will you gi'e."

She showed me a mantle o' red scarlet,
 Wi' gowden flowers and fringes fine;
 Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
 This goodly gift it shall be thine."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
 Haud² far awa', and let me be;
 I never will be your leman sae true,
 And I wish I were out o' your company."

² Hold.

She neist brought a sark o' the safest silk,
 Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band;
 Says, "Gin ye will be my ain true love,
 This goodly gift ye shall command."

She showed me a cup of the good red gowd,
 Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see;
 Says, "Gin ye will be my leman sae true,
 This goodly gift I will you gi'e."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
 Haud far awa', and let me be;
 For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth,
 For a' the gifts that ye could gi'e."

She's turned her richt and round about,
 And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;
 And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,
 That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,
 And she's turned her three times round and round;
 She's muttered sic words that my strength it failed,
 And I fell down senseless upon the ground.

¹ reptile.

She's turned me into an ugly worm¹,
 And gar'd me toddle about the tree;
 And aye on ilka Saturday night,
 Auld Alison Gross she came to me,

Wi' silver basin, and silver kaim,
 To kaim my headie upon her knee;
 But or² I had kissed her ugly mouth,
 I'd ha'e toddled for ever about the tree.

² ere.

But as it fell out on last Hallow-e'en,
When the seely¹ court was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
Na far frae the tree where I wont to lie.

¹ magic, elfin.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And she straiked me three times o'er her knee;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

THE LASS O' LOCHRYAN.

[Lochryan, which gives its name to this ballad, is a narrow inlet of the sea, surrounded by gently sloping hills, which runs southward from the Irish Channel into Wigtonshire; the little seaport of Stranraer being situated at its inner end. Several islands, such as Ailsa and Big Scaur, containing the remains of towers, any of which might have been that of Lord Gregory, stand in the neighbouring seas. Jamieson notes that he had frequently, when a boy, heard this ballad chanted in Morayshire. It has been printed under various titles, such as "Fair Isabel of Loch Royall" and "Love Gregory," in the collections of many editors. Of the versions, however, that printed by Scott from two copies in Herd's MS., the copy by Mrs. Brown of Falkland, and two others obtained from recitation, is at once the best known, the finest, and the most complete. It is the version here followed. It may be mentioned that Burns, Wolcott, and Jamieson have each written poems upon the subject of the ballad. A duplicate composition, the sexes of the lovers being interchanged, is well known as "The Mother's Malison," "The Drowned Lovers," and "Willie and May Margaret."]

"O WHA will shoe my bonnie foot?

And wha will glove my hand?

¹ small.

And wha will lace my middle jimp¹

Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O wha will kaim my yellow hair

With a new-made silver kaim?

And wha will father my young son,

Till Lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonnie foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kaim thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kaim,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame."

"But I will get a bonnie boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonnie boat
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows¹ o' taffety.

¹ ropes.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen hersel',
(For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochryan
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the Lass of Lochryan
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"O see na thou yon bonnie bower,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

* dashing.

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing¹ wave,
Built on a rock of height,

Says, "Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane:
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."

* evil wizard.

"Awa', awa', ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch, or wil warlock²,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochryan;
O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochryan,
(As I trow thou be na she,)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That passed between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?"

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?"

"Now open the door, Lord Gregory,
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be the Lass of Lochryan,
(As I ken na thou be,)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Passed between me and thee."

Fair Annie turn'd her round about—

“Weel! since that it be sae,

May never a woman that has borne a son,

Ha'e a heart sae fu' o' wae!

“Take down, take down that mast o' gowd!

Set up a mast o' tree!

It doesna become a forsaken lady

To sail sae royallie.”

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,

And the sun began to peep,

Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,

And sair, sair did he weep.

“O I ha'e dreamed a dream, mother,

I wish it may prove true!

That the bonnie Lass of Lochryan

Was at the yett^r e'en now.

“O I ha'e dream'd a dream, mother,

The thought o't gars me greet²!

That fair Annie of Lochryan

Lay cauld dead at my feet.”

“Gin it be for Annie of Lochryan

That ye make a' this din,

She stood a' last night at your door,

But I trow she wan na in.”

“O wae betide ye, ill woman!

An ill death may ye dee!

That wadna open the door to her,

Nor yet wad waken me.”

es me weep.

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare ;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
O Annie, winna ye bide¹?"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

¹ abide, tarry.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
Dear Annie speak to me !"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the baby rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonnie young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair ;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she dee!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha cam' sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she dee!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

GIL MORICE.

[Under the varying names of "Child Maurice," "Child Noryce," and "Gil Morice," versions of this ballad exist in the collections of Percy, Jamieson, and Motherwell. The copy in Percy's *Reliques*, being the fullest and best, is that now followed. Eight final stanzas, however, which Ritson, Jamieson, and Child agree in rejecting as spurious, and which greatly weaken the ballad, are omitted. It was upon this ballad that Home founded his celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, and to it Langhorne was indebted for the materials of his poem "Owen of Carron." It was also, according to Jamieson, made the groundwork of a dramatic entertainment by Mr. Rennie of Aberdeen. Motherwell states that, according to tradition, the greenwood of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff in Stirlingshire, the site of Lord Barnard's castle being pointed out on a cliff overhanging the water of Carron on the lands of Halbertshire. Earlsburn, which joins the Carron about five miles higher up, and Earlshill, from which that burn flows, are said to have been named from the unfortunate earl's son who is the hero of the ballad. Tradition also avers that Gil Morice was of exceeding beauty, and remarkable especially for "the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him, as it were, with a golden mist." Jill, it should be said, is a familiar Scottish equivalent for Giles and Julian, or Juliana.

The poet Gray, writing to Mason in 1757, said, "I have got the old Scottish ballad on which *Douglas* was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. You may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story." The reader may be interested to compare the treatment of a similar subject by the ancient Scottish ballad writer and by a master of modern French realistic fiction, M. Guy de Maupassant, in his masterpiece, *Pierre et Jean*.]

GIL MORICE was an earl's son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was na for his great riches,
 Nor yet his meikle pride,
 But it was for a lady gay
 That lived on Carron side.

"Where shall I get a bonnie boy
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come?"

"And ye maun rin my errand, Willie;
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ye shall ride."

"Oh no, oh no, my master dear!
I dare na, for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's
For to tryst forth his wife."

"My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie,
My dear Willie," he said;
"How can ye strive against the stream?
For I shall be obeyed."

"But oh, my master dear," he cried,
"In greenwood ye're your lane;
msel. Gi'e o'er sic thochts, I would ye rede^t,
For fear ye should be ta'en."

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' speed;
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

"Gae, bid her take this gay mantle—
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
Bid her come to the gude greenwood,
And bring nane but her lane^a.
rself alone.

“And there it is, a silken sark,
 Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
 And bid her come to Gil Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.”

“Yes, I will gae your black errand
 Though it be to your cost;
 Since ye by me will na be warned,
 In it ye shall find frost¹.

¹ injury as by
 frost.

“The baron he’s a man of might,
 He ne’er could bide to taunt,
 As ye will see before it’s night,
 How sma’ ye ha’e to vaunt.

“And sin’ I maun your errand rin,
 Sae sair against my will,
 I’se mak’ a vow, and keep it trow,
 It shall be done for ill.”

And when he came to broken brig
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard’s ha’,
 Would neither chap² nor ca’;
 But set his bent bow to his breast
 And lightly lap the wa’.

² knock.

He would na tell the man his errand,
 Though he stood at the gate;
 But straight into the ha’ he cam’,
 Where they were set at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna wait;
Dame, ye maun to the gude greenwood
Before that it be late.

"Ye're bidden tak' this gay mantle,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
You maun gae to the gude greenwood
E'en by yoursel' alane.

"And there it is, a silken sark,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stampit wi' her foot,
And winkit wi' her e'e;
But all that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wouldna be.

"It's surely to my bower-woman;
It ne'er could be to me."
"I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady;
I trow that ye be she."

Then up and spak' the wily nurse,
The bairn upon her knee,
"If it be come frae Gil Morice,
It's dear welcome to me."

"Ye lee'd, ye lee'd, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heard ye lee;
I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady;
I trow ye be na she."

Then up and spak' the bauld baron,
 An angry man was he;
 He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee,
 Till siller cup and ezar dish¹
 In flinders² he gar'd flee.

¹ drinking cup of
 maple.
² splinters.

"Gae, bring a robe of your cleiding³,
 That hings upon the pin;
 And I'll gae to the gude greenwood,
 And speak wi' your leman."

³ clothing.

"Oh, bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
 I rede ye, bide at hame;
 Ne'er wyte⁴ a man for violence
 That ne'er wat ye wi' nane."

⁴ blame.

Gil Morice sat in gude greenwood,
 He whistled and he sang:
 "Oh, what mean a' the folk coming?
 My mother tarries lang."

The baron came to the greenwood
 Wi' meikle dule and care;
 And there he first spied Gil Morice,
 Kaiming his yellow hair.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
 My lady lo'ed thee weel;
 The fairest part of my body
 Is blacker than thy heel.

"Yet ne'ertheless, now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born,
That head shall gae wi' me."

d, whetted.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand
And slait^t it on the strae;
And through Gil Morice' fair body
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice' head
And set it on a spear;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steed,
And brocht him to his painted bower,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
Come trailing to the town.

"Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,
Both and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands
As they lig^a here and there."

And she has ta'en her Gil Morice,
And kissed baith mouth and chin:
"I was ance as fu' o' Gil Morice
As the hip is o' the stane.

"I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude greenwood,
Under the heavy rain.

"Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weep."

And syne she kissed his bluidy cheek,
And syne his bluidy chin:
"O better I lo'e my Gil Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!"

"Away, away, ye ill woman,
And an ill death may ye dee:
If I had kenn'd he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me."

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

[Printed first in Scott's *Minstrelsy* from a copy communicated by Mr. Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favourite, this ballad appeared under the title of "The Courteous Knight" in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, and as "The Bonnie Hind Squire" in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*. Scott's version is that here used. A similar ballad, "The Night Journey," is contained in M. Fauriel's collection of Romaic folksongs. In it a dead brother carries his living sister in one night from Bagdad to Constantinople. The subject is also known in Brittany, and corresponds to the Danish ballad, "Aagé and Else." Another well-known riddling ballad, of much less poetic tenor, is "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship."]

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
 When the dew began to fa',
 Lady Margaret was walking up and down
 Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east and she looked west
 To see what she could spy,
 When a gallant knight came in her sight,
 And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
 You wear your boots so wide;
 But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
 You wear the horn so syde¹."

¹ low hanging.

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
 "Nor ne'er intend to be;
 But I am come to this castle
 To seek the love of thee;
 And if you do not grant me love,
 This night for thee I'll dee."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
 There's few for you will mean,¹
 For mony a better has died for me,
 Whose graves are growing green.

¹ lament.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
 "And answer my questions three;
 And but² ye read them right," she said,
 "Gae stretch ye out and dee.

² unless.

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
 Springs either on moor or dale?
 And what is the bird, the bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower
 Springs either on moor or dale;
 And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird
 Sings on the evening gale."

"But what's the little coin," she said,
 "Would buy my castle bound?
 And what's the little boat," she said,
 "Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pounds?
Or hey, how mony sma' fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think you maun be my match," she said,
"My match and something mair;
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thae castles
You may baith plough and sow,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will mow."

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"For loud I hear you lee:
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thae castles
You may baith plough and sow,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not mow.

"I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me ;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae mony dee."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"Again I hear you lee ;
For ye've unwashen hands and ye've unwashen feet
To gae to clay wi' me.

"For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets,
And when the stormy winds do blow
My body lies and sleeps."

GLENKINDIE.

[First printed in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of "Glasgerion," this ballad is only known in one original Scottish version, that of Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*. From the latter it is here printed, with the addition of stanzas 8, 27, and 28 from Percy's version to complete the meaning. The hero of the ballad is, no doubt, Y Bardd Glas Keraint—Keraint the Blue or Chief Bard—son of Owain, Prince of Glamorgan, and a famous poet, of whom notice occurs in Owen's *Cambrian Biography*. In Chaucer's "House of Fame," and in Gavin Douglas's "Palice of Honour," he is named beside the harpers Orpheus, Orion, and Chiron; and it has been suggested that something closer than mere likeness of name and similar skill in music may exist between the Greek Chiron and this Welsh Glaskirion, as he is sometimes called.]

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
 He harped to the king;
 Glenkindie was ance the best harper
 That e'er harped on a string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
 Or water out o' a stane,
 Or milk out o' a maiden's breast
 That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
 He harpit and he sang;
 And aye as he harpit to the king,
 To haud him unthought lang¹:

¹ To keep him
 from wearying.

"I'll gi'e you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pall,
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night
Afore my nobles all."

And the king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine¹;
And he wad ha'e but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

¹ driving on the
night with wine.
Lit. drinking
wine to be paid
for by lot.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did wauken keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has harpit a gay;
And mony a sich atween the tunes
I wat the lady ga'e.

"Strike on, strike on, Glenkindie," she said,
"Of thy striking do not blin²;
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harp,
But it glads my heart within."

² cease.

Says, "When day is dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
And wappit³ their wings sae wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door
And streek⁴ you by my side.

³ flapped.

⁴ stretch.

"But look that ye tell na Gib⁵, your man,
For naething that ye dee;
For an ye tell him, Gib, your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."

⁵ Gilbert.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
 He harpit and he sang;
 And he is hame to Gib, his man,
 As fast as he could gang.

"Oh might I tell you, Gib, my man,
 Gin² I a man had slain?"

² If (*i.e.* given).

"Oh that ye might, my gude máster,
 Although ye had slain ten."

³ care.

"Then take ye tent³ now, Gib, my man,
 My biddin' for to dee,

³ except, if.

And, but an³ ye wauken me in time,
 Ye shall be hangit hie.

"When day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
 And wappit their wings sae wide,
 I'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower
 And streek me by her side."

⁴ waked.

"Then gae to your bed, my gude master,
 Ye've waukit⁴, I fear, ower lang;
 But I'll waken you in as gude time
 As ony cock i' the land."

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
 He harpit and he sang,
 Until he harpit his master asleep,
 Syne fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
 As fast as he could rin;
 When he cam' till that lady's bower,
 He chappit at the chin⁵.

⁵ tapped at the
 projecting part,
 probably the
 doorpost.

"Oh, wha is this," says that lady,
 "That opens na and comes in?"
 "It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
 Oh, open and let me in!"

She kenn'd he was nae gentle knight
 That she had letten in;
 For neither when he gaed nor cam',
 Kissed he her cheek or chin.

He neither kissed her when he cam',
 Nor clappit her when he gaed;
 And in and at her bower window
 The moon shone like the gleed.¹

¹ bright fire.

"Oh, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
 And riven is your sheen,
 And ravell'd² is your yellow hair
 That I saw late yestreen."

² tangled.

"The stockings they are Gib, my man's,
 They came first to my hand;
 And this is Gib, my man's shoon,
 At my bed feet they stand;
 I've ravell'd a' my yellow hair,
 Coming against the wind."

He's ta'en the harp intil his hand,
 He harpit and he sang,
 Until he cam' to his master,
 As fast as he could gang.

"Win up, win up, my gude master,
 I fear ye sleep ower lang;

There's nae a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie's ta'en his harp in hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan^t.

* paused.

When he cam to the lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin,
"Oh, wha is that at my bower door,
That opens na and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
And in I canna win."

Says, "Whether have you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned back again
To know more of my love?"

Glenkindie swore a full great oath:
"By oak, and ash, and thorn,
Lady, I was never in your chamber
Sith the time that I was born."

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And then a young knight's bride."

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cauld and dead;
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
In bower he must go mad.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
The water out o' a stane,
The milk out o' a maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
Sae sweetly as it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
Glenkindie's dowie sang.

But cauld and dead was that lady,
Nor heeds for a' his maen;
An he wad harpit till doomsday,
She'll never speak again.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee;
Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Weel payit shall ye be."

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
And he has hanged him hie,
And he's hanged him o'er his ain yett¹,
As high as high could be.

¹ gate.

THE NUT-BROWN BRIDE.

[“Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,” “Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor,” “Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,” and “The Nut-brown Bride,” are the various titles under which this ballad appears in the collections of Percy, Herd, Jamieson, Motherwell, and Kinloch. The title of Kinloch’s copy is here used as more distinctive than the others, while Percy’s edition, which is the same as Herd’s, and was derived from “a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland,” supplies the text. A Swedish ballad, “Herr Peder och Liten Kirsten,” presents similar circumstances to those of “The Nut-brown Bride.” A translation of it is furnished in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe* by William and Mary Howitt.]

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet

Sat a’ day on a hill;

When night was come and sun was set

They had not talked their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill:

“Ah, I will never wed a wife

Against my ain friends’ will.”

“Gif ye will never wed a wife,

A wife will ne’er wed ye.”

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

And knelt upon his knee.

* counsel.

“O rede¹, O rede, mither,” he says,

“A gude rede gi’e to me;

O shall I tak’ the nut-brown bride,

And let fair Annet be?”

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane;
 And the little beauty fair Annet has,
 O it will sune be gane."

And he has till his brother gane:
 "Now brother, rede ye me,
 Ah, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-brown bride has kye."
 "I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,
 And cast fair Annet by."

"Her oxen may die i' the house, billie¹,
 And her kye into the byre;
 And I shall ha'e nothing to mysel'
 But a fat fadge² by the fire."

¹ brother.

² a large flat loaf
 or bannock, a
 clumsy woman.

And he has till his sister gane:
 "Now, sister, rede ye me,
 O, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,
 And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye tak' fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the brown bride alane,
 Lest ye should sigh and say, alas!
 What is this we brought hame?"

"No, I will tak' my mither's counsel,
 And marry me out o' hand;
 And I will tak' the nut-brown bride;
 Fair Annet may leave the land."

¹ ere.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or¹ it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheen ;
Let us gae to St. Mary's kirk
And see that rich weddin'."

"My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my hair ;
Where'er ye laid a plait before
See ye lay ten times mair."

"My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my smock ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind ;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

² puff.

Four and twenty siller bells
Were a' tied till his mane,
And ae tift² o' the norland wind
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twenty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annet's side ;
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam' to Mary's kirk,
She sat on Mary's stane;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled¹ in their een.

¹ sparkled.

And when she cam' into the kirk,
She shimmered like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He ga'e it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak' the nut-brown bride,
She spak' wi' meikle spite,
"And where gat ye that rose-water
That does mak' ye sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
Where ye will ne'er get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame."

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And straik fair Annet unto the heart
That word she never spak' mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what might be;
But when he saw her dear heart's bluid,
A' wod-wroth¹ waxed he.

¹ mad with wrath.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride
That fell dead at his feet.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
"Now stay, my dear," he cried;
Then straik the dagger intil his heart,
And fell dead by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa',
Fair Annet within the quire;
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
The other a bonnie brier.

² strained.

And aye they grew, and aye they threw²,
As they would fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

HYNDE ETIN.

[Containing a story which is the well-known subject of ballads in all Scandinavian tongues, "Hynde Etin" has been conjectured to be a fragment of the tale of "The Reyde Eytyn vitth the Thre Heydis" mentioned in *The Complaint of Scotland*. Dr. Leyden, the editor of the *Complaint*, suggested that the ancient Scottish idea of the etins or giants who ate quick men might be derived from the Cyclops, as tradition generally places them in Etaland (Etnaland). The name Etin, however, appears rather to be derived from the Danish *Iette*, a giant. The Red Etin is mentioned by Sir David Lyndsay in the prelude to his "Dream" as the subject of a nursery tale in his time; and in some parts of Scotland to the present day he is popularly represented as a giant of the "Jack and the Beanstalk" order. Another phase of his character is preserved in Motherwell's beautiful poem, "The Etin of Sillerwood." In the ballad he has lost his formidable size and disagreeable qualities, as the epithet hynde, or hende, gentle, signifies. Versions, known variously as "Young Akin," "Young Hastings the Groom," and "Hynde Etin," have been printed by Kinloch, Buchan, and Motherwell. It is Buchan's version which is here followed, as presenting the least corrupted text; the name of Young Akin only being altered throughout to what was certainly its original form.]

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,
 Sewing at her silken seam;
 She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,
 And wished she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
 And the needle to her tae;
 And she is on to Elmond's-wood
 As fast as she could gae.

K

IV

¹ servant.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind chiel¹,
Says, "Lady, let alane!

"O, why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why break ye the tree?
For I am forester o' this wood;
Ye should spier leave at me."

"I'll ask leave at no living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him Hynde Etin,
And gar'd her let them be.

² hollow.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood
He's pu'd it by the reet,
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hallow² seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Though travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood
For six lang years and one;
Till six pretty sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day
This gude lord went from home ;
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a gude way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk ;
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk :

"A question I would ask, father,
Gin ye wouldna angry be."

"Say on, say on, my bonnie boy,
Ye'se na be quarrelled by me."

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet ;
I never can see them dry ;
And I wonder what aileth my mither,
To mourn continually."

"Your mither was a king's daughter,
Sprang frae a high degree,
And she might ha'e wed some worthy prince
Had she na been stown by me.

"I was her father's cup-bearer
Just at that fatal time ;
I caught her on a misty night
When summer was in prime.

"My love to her was most sincere,
Her love was great for me ;
But when she hardships doth endure
Her folly she does see."

"I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

came weary.

It fell upo' another day,
This gude lord he thought lang^t,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's aff, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

"O, I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be—"
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'se na be quarrelled by me."

"As we came frae the hind hunting
We heard fine music ring."
"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy!
I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brithers also;
And they are on through Elmond's-wood
As fast as they could go.

adlings (?)

They wistna weel where they were gaen
Wi' the stratlins² o' their feet;
They wistna weel where they were gaen
Till at her father's yett.

"I ha'e nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings ha'e three :
I'll gi'e them you, my little son,
And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gi'e the first to the proud porter,
And he will let you in ;
Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben¹.

¹ to the inner
apartment.

"Ye'll gi'e the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king ;
He'll play success to the bonnie boy
Came through the wood him lane."

He ga'e the first to the proud porter,
And he opened and let him in :
He ga'e the next to the butler boy,
And he has shown him ben :

He ga'e the third to the minstrel
That played before the king ;
And he played success to the bonnie boy
Came through the wood him lane.

But when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee ;
The king he turned him round about
And the saut tear blinded his e'e.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Gang frae my company ;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none:
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her 'eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yetts,
And my six brothers her wi'."

"O, where are all my porter boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yetts baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mithers and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, mithers,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hailed her courteously :
"Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

"O, where are all my rangers bold,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
And bring Etin to me?"

Out it speaks the little wee boy,
"Na, na, this maunna be ;
Without ye grant a free pardon
I hope ye'll na him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon
Well sealed by my own han' ;
Ye may make search for Hynde Etin
As soon as ever ye can."

They searched the country wide and braid,
The forests far and near ;
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin,
Win up and boun¹ wi' me ;
We're messengers come from the court ;
The king wants you to see."

¹ prepare to go.

"O let him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will na be touched, Etin,
Nor hanged upon a tree;
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee:
"Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin;
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boon:
"I wish we were in the good church
For to get Christendoun!

"We ha'e lived in gude greenwood
This seven years and ane;
But a' this time, since ere I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking's na sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be;
This day to gude church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When unto the gude church she came,
She at the door did stan';
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She couldna come far'er ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile ga'e he:
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John;
They called the eldest Hynde Etin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they stayed in the royal court,
And lived wi' mirth and glee;
And when her father was deceased,
Heir of the crown was she.

LADY MAISRY.

["Fair Janet," "Lady Marjory," "Young Prince James," and "Bonnie Susie Cleland" are the names under which versions of this ballad are printed in the collections of Motherwell and Buchan. The present copy is taken from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, as being at once the best version and the most complete. "The regular penalty for incontinence in an unmarried woman," says Professor Child, "if we are to trust the authority of romances, is burning."]

THE young lords o' the north country
Have all a-wooing gane
To win the love of Lady Maisry,
But o' them she would ha'e nane.

Oh, they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,
Wi' brooches and wi' rings;
And they ha'e courted her, Lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kind of things.

And they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,
Frae father and frae mither;
And they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,
Frae sister and frae brither.

And they ha'e followed her, Lady Maisry,
Through chamber and through ha';
But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was "Na."

"Oh, haud your tongues, young men," she said,
 "And think nae mair on me,
For I've gi'en my love to an English lord ;
 Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchen-boy heard that,
 (An ill death mot he die !)
And he is in to her brother
 As fast as gang could he.

"O, is my father and my mother weel,
 But and my brothers three ?
Gin my sister, Lady Maisry, be weel,
 There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother is weel,
 But and your brothers three ;
Your sister Lady Maisry's weel ;
 Sae big wi' bairn is she."

"A malison light on the tongue
 Sic tidings tells to me !
But gin it be a lie you tell,
 You shall be hanged hie."

He's done him to his sister's bower,
 With meikle dool¹ and care ;
And there he saw her, Lady Maisry,
 Kaiming her yellow hair.

¹ sorrow.

"O wha is aucht² that bairn," he says,
 "That ye sae big are wi' ?
And gin ye winna own the truth,
 This moment ye shall dee."

² is owner of.

She's turned her right and round about,
And the kaim fell frae her han';
A trembling seized her fair body,
And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O, pardon me, my brother dear,
And the truth I'll tell to thee;
My bairn it is to Lord William,
And he is betrothed to me."

"O couldna ye gotten dukes or lords
Intil your ain countrie,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog
To bring this shame on me?"

"But ye maun gi'e up your English lord
When your young babe is born;
For gin ye keep by him an hour langer
Your life shall be forlorn."

"I will gi'e up this English lord,
Till my young babe be born;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn."

"O where are a' my merry young men
Whom I gi'e meat and fee,
To pu' the bracken and the thorn
To burn this vile ladye?"

"O where will I get a bonnie boy
To help me in my need,
To rin wi' haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi' speed?"

O out it spake a bonnie boy,
 Stood by her brother's side;
 "It's I would rin your errand, lady,
 O'er a' the world wide.

"Oft ha'e I run your errands, lady,
 When blawin' baith wind and weet;
 But now I'll rin your errand, lady,
 With saut tears on my cheek."

O, when he came to broken brigs,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And, when he came to the green grass growin',
 He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And when he came to Lord William's yetts¹,
 He badena to chap² or ca';
 But set his bent bow to his breast,
 And lightly lap the wa';
 And or the porter was at the yett,
 The boy was in the ha'.

¹ gates.² knock.

"O, is my biggins³ broken, boy?
 Or is my towers won?
 Or is my lady lighter yet
 O' a dear daughter or son?"

³ buildings.

Your biggin isna broken, sir,
 Nor is your towers won;
 But the fairest lady in a' the land
 This day for you maun burn."

"O saddle to me the black, the black,
 Or saddle to me the brown;

Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town."

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his war-horse sneeze :
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's na come to my knees."

O when he lighted at the yett,
She heard his bridle ring :
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's far yet frae my chin.

"Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me ;
For I see him comin' hard and fast,
Will soon mend 't up for thee.

"O gin my hands had been loose, Willie,
Sae hard as they are boun',
I wad ha'e turn'd me frae the gleed¹,
And casten out your young son."

¹ fire.

"O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother ;
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother ;

"And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief o' a' your kin ;
And the last bonfire that I come to,
Mysel' I will cast in."

THE DEMON LOVER.

[This ballad was first printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy* from the recitation of William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe. Another, but less poetical, version was published by Buchan under the title of "James Herries." In the latter the name of the heroine is given as Jeanie Douglas. Scott states that the legend was current in many shapes in Scotland, and he quotes the remembered burden, in which a fiend, wooing a maid, but disconcerted by the holy herbs in her bosom, adjures her :

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay aside the St. John's-wort and the vervain."]

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"

"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e :

"I wad never ha'e trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might ha'e had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yoursel' ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye ken'd that I was nane."

O fause are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I never wad ha'e trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I ha'e seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin;
"O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie¹ grew his e'e.

¹ gloomy.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails that were o' the taffetie,
Filled not in the east-land breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterly.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie^r sea.

^r surly.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

SIR ROLAND.

[Motherwell, who printed this ballad for the first time in his *Minstrelsy*, from the recollection of a friend, suggested that it might be the original from which Shakespeare derived the mysterious line in the third act of *King Lear*—

“Child Rowland to the dark tower came.”

Certain it is that the ballad fulfils the promise of the line whose suggestiveness appears to have struck the dramatist.]

SIR ROLAND cam' to his ain love's bower,
And he tirl'd at the pin;
And sae ready was his fair fause love
To rise and let him in.

“O, welcome, welcome, Sir Roland,” she says,
“Thrice welcome thou art to me;
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret bower,
And to-morrow we'll wedded be.”

“This night is Hallow-e'en,” he said,
“And to-morrow is Hallow-day;
And I dreamed a dreary dream yestreen,
That has made my heart fu' wae¹.

¹ sad.

“I dreamed a dreary dream yestreen,
I wish it may come to gude;
I dreamed that ye slew my best grey-hound,
And gied me his lapper'd² blude.”

² clotted.

* * * * *

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,

"And set you safely down."

¹ calm.

"O, your chamber is very dark, fair maid,

And the night is wondrous lown¹."

"Yes, dark, dark is my secret bower,

And lown the midnight may be ;

For there is none waking in a' this tower

But thou, my true love, and me."

* * * * *

She mounted on her true love's steed,

By the ae light o' the moon ;

² steading.

She has whipped him and spurred him,

And roundly she rade frae the toun².

³ road.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate³,

Never a mile but ane,

When she was aware of a tall young man

Riding slowly o'er the plain.

She turned her to the right about,

Then to the left turned she ;

But aye 'tween her and the wan moonlight,

That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd-alane,

On a horse as black as jet ;

⁴ keen.

But though she followed him fast and fell⁴,

Nae nearer could she get.

"O stop! O stop! young man," she said,

"For I in dule am dight¹;

¹ in grief am
whelmed.

O stop! and win a fair lady's love,

If ye be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,

And nothing did he blin²;

² pause.

Still slowly rade he on before,

And fast she rade behin'.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,

Till his breast was all a foam;

But nearer unto that tall young knight,

By our Lady, she could not come.

"Oh, if you be a gay young knight,

As well I trow you be,

Pull tight your bridle-reins, and stay

Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,

And no whit did he blin,

Until he reached a broad river's side,

And there he drew his rein.

"Oh, is this water deep," she said,

"As it is wondrous dun?

Or is it sic as a saikless³ maid

³ guiltless.

And a leal true knight may swim?"

"The water it is deep," he said,

"As it is wondrous dun;

But it is sic as a saikless maid

And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed,
The lady spurred on her brown ;
And fast they rade into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my feet," she said,
"The water weets my knee ;
Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,
For the sake of Our Ladye."

"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin ;
For I've sworn ne'er to trust a fair may's word
Till the water weets her chin."

"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said,
"Sae does it weet my skin ;
And my aching heart rins round about,
The burn mak's sic a din.

"The water is waxing deeper still,
Sae does it wax mair wide ;
And aye the farther that we ride on,
Farther off is the other side.

"Oh, help me now, thou fause, fause knight !
Have pity on my youth ;
For now the water jaws^{*} ower my head,
And it gurgles in my mouth."

* dashes.

The knight turned slowly round about,
All in the middle stream ;
Then he stretched out his hand to that lady,
And loudly she did scream !

"Oh, this is Hallow-morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal day;
But sad would be that gay wedding
Were bridegroom and bride away.

"But ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,
Till the water comes o'er your bree;
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet
Wha rides this ford with me!

"Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,
Turn ye round, and look on me!
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links^x on with thee."

^x walks arm in
arm.

WILLIE'S LADYE.

[This ballad affords an illustration of a superstition widely prevalent in classic and mediæval times—that childbirth could be maliciously arrested by certain spells. The story of the delayed travail of Latona and of Alcmene is repeated in a legend of Arran of the present century related by Professor Child, and in a tale of a Count of Westeravia cited by Scott. In each case the delay and suffering continue until the jealous weaver of the spell is suddenly informed that the child has been safely delivered; when in her surprise she reveals the secret of the charm—a nail driven into a roof-beam, a pitcher cast into a well, or the like—which is then easily counteracted, and the birth promptly follows. The ballad, which has counterparts in Danish, Swedish, and Norse, is here reproduced from Scott's *Minstrelsy*, where it was printed from the MS. of Mrs. Brown of Falkland.]

WILLIE'S ta'en him o'er the faem,
 He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;
 He's wooed her for her yellow hair,
 But his mother wrought her meikle care;

* made her suffer.

And meikle dolour gar'd her dree*,
 For lighter she can never be;
 But in her bower she sits wi' pain,
 And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,
 That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
 He says, "My lady has a cup,
 Wi' gowd and silver set about;
 This gudely gift sall be your ain,
 And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."

"Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
But she shall die, and turn to clay,
And you shall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight,
"I wish my life were at an end!"

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind!
And say, your lady has a steed,
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed¹.

¹ Lydia (?)

"For he is silver shod before,
And he is gowden shod behind;
At every tuft of that horse mane,
There's a golden chess², and a bell to ring.
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."

² jess, a hawk's
bell.

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;
But she sall die, and turn to clay,
And ye sall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight,
"I wish my life were at an end!"

"Yet gae ye to your mother again,
That vile rank witch, o' rankest kind!
And say your lady has a girdle,
It's a' red gowd to the middle;

"And aye, at ilka siller hem
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;
This gudely gift sall be her ain,
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn."

"Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor in your bower to shine the brighter;
For she sall die, and turn to clay,
And thou sall wed another may."

"Another may I'll never wed,
Another may I'll never bring hame."
But, sighing, said that weary wight
"I wish my days were at an end!"

* A kindly spirit
like the
Brownie.

Then out and spak' the Billy Blind*,
(He spak aye in good time:)

* wax.

"Yet gae ye to the market-place,
And there do buy a loaf o' wace²;
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it twa glassen een you'll put;

"And bid her your boy's christening to,
Then notice weel what she shall do;
And do you stand a little away,
To notice weel what she may say."

"O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that lady's locks?
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were amang that lady's hair?

"And wha has ta'en down that bush o' woodbine,
That hung between her bower and mine?
And wha has killed the master kid,
That ran beneath that lady's bed?
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,
And let that lady lighter be?"

Syne, Willie's loosed the nine witch knots,
That were amang that lady's locks;
And Willie's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were into that lady's hair;
And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bower and the witch carline^r; * old woman.

And he has killed the master kid,
That ran beneath that lady's bed;
And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that lady lighter be;
And now he has gotten a bonnie son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

[This ballad was first printed by Allan Ramsay in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Motherwell published a second version, entitled "William and Marjorie," in his *Minstrelsy*; and Kinloch gave the public a third, "Sweet William and May Margaret," in his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. Some confusion of names has crept into several versions from a habit of reciting the ballad as a pendant to "Clerk Saunders." Scott, however, who printed it in this relationship, says he was informed by the reciter that it was usual to separate these stanzas from "Clerk Saunders," as belonging to another story. The idea of the ballad, the return of the lover's ghost to demand back a plighted troth, is illustrated by Professor Child by a reference to the advertisement of *The Pirate*. It is there told how the lady who had been pledged to Goff, the prototype of Cleveland, "went up to London to see him before his death. Arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his body; and then, touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight which she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor the faith which she had plighted to the dead." In Danish and Swedish parallels to "Sweet William's Ghost," and in the conclusion of the second lay of Helgi Hundisbani in the older Edda, it is the excessive mourning of the bereaved maiden which recalls the dead from his grave. The ghost in the Scottish ballad appears to have had another motive. Motherwell's version of the ballad, as obviously the most authentic as well as most powerful, is here followed. Three verses, however, beginning "Is there any room," which appear to have dropped out of Motherwell's version, are inserted from Ramsay's copy.]

LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
 Sat sewing her silken seam,
 And by her came a pale, pale ghost,
 Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father, the king," she says,

"Or are ye my brither John?

Or are ye my true love, sweet William,
From England newly come?"

"I'm not your father, the king," he says,

"No, no, nor your brither John;

But I'm your true love, sweet William,
From England that's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlets sae red,

Or any of the silks sae fine,

Or have ye brought me any precious things
That merchants have for sale?"

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,

No, no, nor the silks sae fine;

But I have brought you my winding-sheet
Ower many a rock and hill.

"Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie!

For faith and charity,

Will ye gi'e to me my faith and troth
That I gave once to thee?"

"O your faith and troth I'll not gi'e to thee,

No, no, that will not I,

Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lie."

"My lips they are sae bitter," he says,

"My breath it is sae strang,

If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips
Your days will not be lang.

"The cocks are crawling, Marjorie," he says,
"The cocks are crawling again;
It's time the dead should part the quick—
Marjorie, I must be gane."

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green,
And there the deep grave opened up,
And young William he lay down.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Marjorie,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Marjorie,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the grey;
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marjorie,
That you were going away."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stand here at your head?"

"O it's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stand close at your side?"

"O it's three babes, Marjorie," he says,
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,

"That lie close at your feet?"

"O it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,

"That's waiting my soul to keep."

O she took up her white, white hand,

And she struck him on the breast,

Saying, "Have there again your faith and troth,

And I wish your saul gude rest!"

JELLON GRAME.

[“Hynd Henry,” “May-a-Row,” and “Lady Margerie,” are titles under which versions of this ballad appear in the collections of Motherwell, Buchan, and Cromek. It was first printed by Scott, however, and his version, “derived from tradition, with some conjectural emendations, and corrected from a copy in Mrs. Brown of Falkland’s MS.,” remains the best. The ballad has a counterpart in its main features in the less poetical “Fause Foodrage,” also printed by Scott. Jellon is probably the same name as Jyllian or Julian.]

O JELLON GRAME sat in Silverwood,
He sharp’d his broadsword lang;
And he has called his little foot-page
An errand for to gang.

“Win up, my bonnie boy,” he says,
“As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie-Flower
Before the break of day.”

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And through the greenwood ran;
And he came to the lady’s bower
Before the day did dawn.

“O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie-Flower?
The red sun’s on the rain:
Ye’re bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye’ll never win hame.”

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush thereby;
"Light down, light down, now, Lillie-Flower,
For it's here that ye maun lie."

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneeled upon her knee;
"O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to dee!

"Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light:
But to see it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Grame!
My father ye needna dread;
I'll keep my babe in gude greenwood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."

He took no pity on Lillie-Flower,
Though she for life did pray;
But pierced her through the fair body,
As at his feet she lay.

He felt nae pity for Lillie-Flower,
Where she was lying dead ;
But he felt some for the bonnie bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonnie boy,
Given him to nurses nine ;
Three to sleep, and three to wake,
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonnie boy,
Called him his sister's son ;
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik tree.

And many were the greenwood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvelled much that bonnie boy
To see their lovely hue.

“What's paler than the primrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What fairer than the lily flower
On this wee knowe that grows?”

O out and answered Jellon Grame,
And he spak' hastily—
“Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

“More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than primrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood
That down my broadsword ran.”

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;
And through and through him, Jellon Grame,
He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says, “Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame!
My malison gang you wi'!
The place that my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee.”

FAIR JANET.

[Of the versions of this ballad which appear under different titles in many collections, that in *The Ballad Book* of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, obtained from the singing of an old woman in Perthshire, is much the best. It is from this copy it is here produced. The verse beginning "Willie, lay the saddle saft," is added from Motherwell's MS. version.]

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet,
Ye maun gang to him soon;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are done."

Janet's awa' to her father,
As fast as she could hie:
"O what's your will wi' me, father?
O what's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, fair Janet," he said,
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French lord."

"A French lord maun I wed, father,
A French lord maun I wed?
Then, by my sooth," quo' fair Janet,
"He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,
As fast as she could go ;
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
But sweet Willie, her jo¹!

¹ sweetheart.

"Oh, we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between ;
There's a French lord coming o'er the sea
To wed me wi' a ring—
There's a French lord coming o'er the sea,
To wed and tak' me hame."

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth meikle woe ;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
Tell them to come to fair Janet,
In case that her days are done."

Willie's awa' to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean :
"O haste, and gang to fair Janet,
I fear that her days are done."

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon ;
Some drew to them their silk mantels,
Their coverings to put on ;
And they're awa' to fair Janet
By the hie light o' the moon.

"Oh, I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' meikle toil and pain;
Take hame, take hame your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane."

He's ta'en his young son in his arms,
And kissed him cheek and chin;
And he's awa' to his mother's bower
By the hie licht o' the moon.

"Oh, open, open, mother," he says,
"Oh, open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops o'er my chin,
And I ha'e my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are done."

Wi' her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin,
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

"Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall ha'e three."

Willie he was scarce awa'
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear,
"Make haste and busk¹ the bride."

¹ attire, deck.

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, oh, ill am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

"Oh, ye maun busk this bonnie bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French lord
Gin she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the town.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?"
"Oh, wha but Willie, my true love!
He kens I lo'e him best.

"Willie, lay the saddle saft,
And lead the bridle soun¹,
And when we come to Marie's kirk,
Ye'll set me hooly down²."

¹ smoothly.

² carefully down.

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk,
 To tie the haly ban',
 Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
 And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,
 And dancing to begin,
 "O we'll go take the bride's maidens,
 And we'll go fill the ring."

O ben then cam' the auld French lord,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance with me?"
 "Awa', awa', ye auld French lord,
 Your face I downa see¹."

¹ I cannot bear
 to see.

O ben then cam' now sweet Willie,
 He cam' with ane advance:
 "O I'll go tak' the bride's maidens,
 And we'll go tak' a dance."

² more.

"I've seen ither days wi' you, Willie,
 And so has mony mae²,
 Ye would ha'e danced wi' me mysel',
 Let a' my maidens gae."

O ben then cam' now sweet Willie,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
 "Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,
 Gin my back should break in three!"

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
When she fell down at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise!

Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,
And gi'en it to his man,
"Gae hame and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire;
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonnie brier.

EARL RICHARD.

[As "Earl Richard" and "Earl Lithgow," two versions of this ballad were printed by Buchan, and two other versions also appeared in Kinloch's collection under the titles of "Earl Richard" and "The Shepherd's Daughter." Buchan's first version was considered to be "out of sight the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed," and of greater antiquity than an English copy published in the *Reliques* of Bishop Percy. It is that copy which is here followed. According to Hearne in his preface to *Gul. Neubrigiensis Historia*, Oxon., 1719, the ballad, under the title of "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter," was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. A stanza of it is quoted in Fletcher's "Pilgrim," act iv., scene 2. Barnisdale, where the episode of the ballad occurs, is otherwise famous for the deeds of Robin Hood and Little John.]

EARL RICHARD once upon a day,
And all his valiant men so wight,
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, "Busk on you, fair lady,
The white flowers and the red;
For I would give my bonnie ship
To get your maidenhead."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all this would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

"The miss is not so great, lady,
Soon mended it might be.
I've four-and-twenty mills in Scotland,
Stand on the water of Tay ;
You'll have them, and as much flour
As they'll grind in a day."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

"The miss is not so great, lady,
Soon mended it will be.
I have four-and-twenty milk-white cows
All calved in ae day ;
You'll have them, and as much hain'd¹ grass <sup>2 enclosed,
unpastured.</sup>
As they all on can gae."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

"The miss is not so great, lady,
Soon mended it might be.

I have four-and-twenty milk-white steeds
All foaled in one year;
You'll have them, and as much red gold
As all their backs can bear."

¹ the ground.

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold¹,
"I would not be your love," said she,
"For that church full of gold."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says, "Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
"I would not be your love," says she,
"For all the gold in Rome."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the sun,
Says, "Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none."

He caught her by the milk-white hand
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And there has taken his will of her
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frowned and sadly blushed,
And oh! but she thought shame;
Says, "If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name."

"In some places they call me Jack,
In others some they call me John;
But when into the queen's court,
O, then Lithcock it is my name."

"Lithcock! Lithcock!" the lady said,
And oft she spelt it ower again;
"Lithcock, it's Latin," the lady said,
"Richard's the English of that name."

The knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live-long summer's day,
Till they came to the wan water,
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just through it for to ride;
And the lady was as ready as him,
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been so kind-hearted
As to bid the lady ride;
And she had never been so low-hearted
As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water,
There stands a great big stone,
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Lady fair, will ye loup on?"

She's taken the wand was in her hand
And struck it on the faem;

And before he got the middle stream
The lady was on dry land :

"By the help of God and our Lady,
My help lies not in your hand.

"I learned it from my mother dear,
Few are there that have learned better,
When I come to deep water
I can swim like ony otter.

"I learned it from my mother dear,
I find I learned it for my weal,
When I come to a deep water,
I can swim through like ony eel."

"Turn back, turn back, you lady fair,
You know not what I see ;
There is a lady in that castle
That will burn you and me." *

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That lady I will see."

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave it the porter for his fee ;
Says, "Take you that, my good porter,
And bid the queen speak to me."

And when she came before the queen,
There she fell low down on her knee ;
Says, "There is a knight into your court
This day has robbed me."

* As has been already remarked in the introductory note to
"Lady Maisry," burning appears, from the ancient romances,
to have been the usual penalty for incontinence.

"Oh, has he robbed you of your gold,
Or has he robbed you of your fee?"
"He has not robbed me of my gold,
Nor has he robbed me of my fee;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie."

"There is no knight in all my court
That thus has robbed thee,
But you'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll dee;

"Though it were Earl Richard, my own brother;
And, oh! forbid it be!"
Then sighing, said the lady fair,
"I wot the same man is he."

The queen called on her merry men,
Even fifty men and three;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
But now the hindmost man was he.

He's taken out one hundred pounds,
And told it in his glove;
Says, "Take you that, my lady fair,
And seek another love."

"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried,
"That's what shall never be;
I'll have the truth of your right hand;
The queen it gave to me."

"I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
 When I did drink your wine;
 That for a carle's fair daughter,
 It gars me dree all this pine¹."

¹ suffer all this
 pain.

"Maybe I am a carle's daughter,
 And maybe never nane;
 When ye met me in the greenwood,
 Why did you not let me alane?"

"Will you wear the short clothes,
 Or will you wear the syde²?
 Or will you walk to your wedding,
 Or will you till it ride?"

² long.

"I will not wear the short clothes,
 But I will wear the syde;
 I will not walk to my wedding,
 But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
 The lady him behin',
 Then cauld and eerie were the words
 The twa had them between.

She said, "Gude-e'en, ye nettles tall,
 Just there where ye grow at the dyke;
 If the auld carline, my mother, were here,
 Sae weel's she would your pates pyke³."

³ your headspick.

⁴ cram you in her
 bag.

"How she would stap you in her pock⁴,
 I wot she wadna fail;
 And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
 And of ye make right gude kails⁵."

⁵ broth

"And she would meal you with mellinging¹

¹ knead you with
corn dust.

That she gathers at the mill,
And make you thick as any dough;
And when the pan was brimful,

"Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fu',
Lay down her head upon a pock,
Then sleep and snore like ony sow."

"Away, away, you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me.
When you hide so little for yourself
I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

"I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine;
Since for a carle's fair daughter
It aye gars me dree all this pine."

"Maybe I am a carle's daughter,
And maybe never nane;
When ye met me in the good greenwood
Why did you not let me alane?

"Gude-e'en, gude-e'en, ye heather-berries,
As ye're growing on yon hill;
If the auld carline and her bags were here,
I wot she would get meat her fill.

Late, late at night I knit our pocks
With even four and twenty knots;
And in the morn at breakfast time
I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

"Late, late at night I knit our pocks,
With even four and twenty strings;
And if you look to my white fingers
They have as many gay gold rings."

"Away! away! ye ill woman,
So sore your vile words grieveth me;
When you hide so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll hide far less for me.

"But if you are a carle's daughter,
As I take you to be,
How did you get the gay clothing
In greenwood ye had on thee?"

"My mother she's a poor woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
And I got them from a foster-sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee."

"But if you be a carle's daughter,
As I believe you be,
How did you learn the good Latin
In greenwood ye spoke to me?"

"My mother she's a mean woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
I learnt it from their chaplain,
To beguile such sparks as ye."

When mass was sung and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Earl Richard and this lady,
In ae bed they were laid

He turned his face unto the stock
And she her's to the stane;
And cauld and dreary was the love
That was these twa between.

Great mirth was in the kitchen,
Likewise intil the ha';
But in his bed lay Earl Richard
Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
Then slept till light was come;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
That talked in the room;

Said, "Saw ye ever a fitter match
Betwixt the ane and the ither,—
The king o' Scotland's fair dochter,
And the queen o' England's brither?"

"And is she the king o' Scotland's fair dochter?
This day O weel is me!
For seven times has my steed been saddled
To come to court with thee.
And with this witty lady fair
How happy must I be!"

EDWARD.

[This terrible ballad, which has an exact counterpart in Swedish under the title of "Sven y Rosengard," was first printed in Percy's *Reliques* from a copy sent to the collector by Lord Hailes. It is possible that the name "Edward" was substituted by Percy, as it does not otherwise occur in a Scottish ballad except when an English king is mentioned. Another version, entitled "Son Davie," was included in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. The version here followed is that of the *Reliques*, as the strongest and most direct. "The Twa Brothers," printed by Jamieson and Kirkpatrick Sharpe, is a similar ballad. In it, however, a brother, and not a father, is slain.]

"WHY does your brand sae drap wi' bluid ?

Edward ! Edward !

Why does your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
And why sae sad gang ye, O ?"

"Oh, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,

Mither ! Mither !

Oh, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's bluid was never sae red,

Edward ! Edward !

Your hawk's bluid was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."

"Oh, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
Mither! Mither!
Oh, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e got mair,
Edward! Edward!
Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O."

"Oh, I ha'e killed my father dear,
Mither! Mither!
Oh, I ha'e killed my father dear,
Alas! and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye dree for that?
Edward! Edward!
And whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."

"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither! Mither!
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha'?
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"

"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither! Mither!
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife?
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"

"The world's room, let them beg through life,
Mither! Mither!
The world's room, let them beg through life,
For them never mair will I see, O."

"And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?
Edward! Edward!
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?"

"The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,
Mither! Mither!
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear—
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O."

YOUNG BENJIE.

[Apart from its poetic beauty, this ballad possesses interest for its reference to an ancient Scottish superstition. Details of this ancient belief are furnished by Scott in the preface to his version of the ballad in the *Minstrelsy*. Before the burial of a dead person, it was believed, the spirit retained certain powers of reanimating its mortal habitation. The most potent charm for inducing it to do this was the leaving of the door ajar, and accordingly the greatest care was exercised to keep the door either fully open or closely shut. "The following story," says Scott, "which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly, and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up and sat in the bed frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the Paternoster backwards; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved as a dead man ought to do."

Scott's version of the ballad, which was got from tradition, is here followed. Another, but less complete, version was printed by Buchan in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland*. Joanna Baillie, it appears, was aware of a third version which laid the scene upon the banks of Clyde, and contained as a chorus the line—

"O Bothwell banks bloom bonnie."

In this version the watching of the corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell Church.]

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
 The fairest was Marjorie;
 And young Benjie was her ae true love,
 And a dear true love was he.

And wow but they were lovers dear,
 And loved fu' constantly;
 But aye the mair when they fell out,
 The sairer was thair plea¹.

¹ dispute.

And they ha'e quarrelled on a day,
 Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
 And she said she'd choose another love,
 And let young Benjie gae.

² haughty.

And he was stout², and proud-hearted,
 And thought o't bitterly;
 And he's gane by the wan moonlight,
 To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
 O open, and let me in!"
 "I darena open, young Benjie,
 My three brothers are within."

"Ye lee'd, ye lee'd, ye bonnie burd,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lee;
 As I came by the Loudon banks,
 They bade gude-e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
 That I have loved sae lang!
 It sets³ ye choose another love,
 And let young Benjie gang."

³ becomes.

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
 The tear blinding her e'e—
 "I darena, darena let thee in,
 But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,

“O what ill ha’e I done?”

He took her in his armis twa,

And threw her o’er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,

And laith laith to be dang¹,

¹ dashed down.

But ere she wan the Loudon banks,

Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak’ her eldest brother,

“O see na ye what I see?”

And out then spak’ her second brother,

“It’s our sister Marjorie!”

Out then spak’ her eldest brother,

“O how shall we her ken?”

And out then spak’ her youngest brother,

“There’s a honey-mark on her chin.”

Then they’ve ta’en up the comely corpse,

And laid it on the ground,

“O wha has killed our ae sister,

And how can he be found?

“The night it is her low lykewake²,

The morn her burial day,

And we maun watch at mirk midnight,

And hear what she will say.”

² the watching of
a corpse during
the night.

Wi’ doors ajar, and candle-light,

And torches burning clear,

The streikit³ corpse, till still midnight,

They waked, but naething hear.

³ stretched.

About the middle o' the night,
 The cocks began to craw;
 And at the dead hour o' the night,
 The corpse began to thraw¹.

¹ writhe.

"O wha has done thee wrang, sister,
 Or dared the deadly sin?
 Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout²,
 As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

² fear.

"Young Benjie was the first ae man
 I laid my love upon;
 He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
 He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
 Sall we young Benjie hang?
 Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
 And punish him ere he gang?"

"Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
 Ye maunna Benjie hang,
 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
 And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green cravat round his neck,
 And lead him out and in,
 And the best ae servant about your house
 To wait young Benjie on.

"And aye, at every seven years' end,
 Ye'll tak' him to the linn;
 For that's the penance he maun dree,
 To scug³ his deadly sin."

³ expiate.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

[Throughout the folklore of all nations stories are common enough in which the granting of favours is made conditional upon answering of riddling questions. "Proud Lady Margaret" (p. 114) contains something of this machinery. Sometimes the questions, though difficult, are capable enough of answer. Thus when, in a Transylvanian tale, a king promises to marry a maid if she will make him a shirt and drawers of two threads, the maid replies shrewdly by sending the king a couple of broomsticks with the request that he should first make her a loom and bobbin-wheel out of them. In other cases the riddles are unanswerable or the requests impossible, and they are then avoided by the propounding of some other question which must first be answered or some other work which must first be done. In a German story a man promises to take a woman for his love if she will spin brown silk from oaten straw. This she agrees to do if he will first make clothes for her from the linden leaf. But she must bring him shears from the middle of the Rhine. In that case he must build her a bridge from a single twig. And so on. In the present ballad the relationship of the requests which cap each other has become obscured.

A good English version of "The Elfin Knight" was printed by Motherwell from a blackletter broadside, of date about 1670, bound up with a copy of Blind Harry's *Wallace* of 1673, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. It has, however, apparently had incorporated with it some final verses from another ballad which bear no apparent relation to the main idea. The version which follows is that of Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*.]

THERE stands a knicht at the tap o' yon hill,
O'er the hills and far awa';
He has blawn his horn loud and shrill,
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
And the knicht that blaws that horn!"

She had nae sooner thae words said
Than the elfin knicht cam' to her side.

"Arenae ye o'er young a may
Wi' ony young man down to lie?"

"I have a sister younger than I,
And she was married yesterday."

¹ a shirt without

"Married wi' me ye shall ne'er be nane
Till ye mak' to me a sark but¹ a seam.

"And ye maun shape it knife, shearless,
And ye maun sew it needle, threedless.

"And ye maun wash it in yon cistern,
Where water never stood nor ran.

"And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,
Where the sun ne'er shone sin' man was born."

"Gin that courtesy I do for thee,
Ye maun do this for me.

"Ye'll get an acre o' gude red land
Atween the saut sea and the sand.

² till.

"I want that land for to be corn,
And ye maun ear² it wi' your horn.

"And ye maun saw it without a seed,
And ye maun harrow it wi' a threed.

“And ye maun shear it wi’ your knife,
And na tyne a pickle¹ o’t for your life. ¹ lose a grain.

“And ye maun mou² it in yon mouse-hole, ² mew, store.
And ye maun thresh it in your shoe-sole.

“And ye maun fan it wi’ your looves³, ³ palms.
And ye maun sack it in your gloves.

“And ye maun bring it o’er the sea,
Fair and clean and dry to me.

“And when that your wark is weel done,
Ye’se get your sark without a seam.”

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

["The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," as it was styled by Coleridge, may lay claim to be the most ancient Scottish ballad for which an authentic historic foundation can be cited. The composition has generally been considered to allude to the home-bringing of the Maid of Norway after the death of Alexander III. But Motherwell with great clearness has shown it to refer to the shipwreck, upon their return, of the noblemen who conveyed Margaret, the daughter of Alexander III., to her marriage with Eric of Norway.* He quotes Wyntoun's *Cronykil*—

The nest yhere foluand
 The Kyngis douchtyr of Scotland,
 This Alysandrys the thrid, that fayre May,
 Wyth the Kyng wes weddyt of Norway.
 Margret scho wes callyd be name,
 Commendyt fayre and of gud fame.
 Of August that yhere the twelft day
 Hyr wayage scho tuk on-til Norway.
 In the assumptyowne of our Lady
 Scho thare ressayd wes honorably.

This took place in the year 1281, and between Wyntoun's account and that of the ballad an exact coincidence has been proved. The ballad declares—

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
 Wi' a' the speed they may :
 They ha'e landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

By a laborious calculation Motherwell discovered that in the year 1281, the 12th of August was a Monday, and, sailing on that day, Sir Patrick Spens and his company might very well land in Norway on the Wednesday in time for the state reception of the princess, agreeable to Wyntoun's statement, on Thursday, the 15th of August, which is the Assumption of Our Lady.

Maidment in his *Scottish Ballads and Songs* asserts that a tumulus on the island of Papa Stronsay, which lies about half-way between Norway and Aberdour, in Buchan, has been known as the grave of Sir Patrick Spens. It is quite possible

* Fordoun, ed. Skene, I., 307.

that this tradition may be authentic, though Professor Child points out that Barry, who in 1808 spoke of the Earl's Knowe in Papa Stronsay, made no mention of "Sir Patrick Spens;" and that there has been time, since the first printing of the ballad, for a tradition to form and take root.

Versions of "Sir Patrick Spens" have been printed in nearly every ballad collection. The earliest, and perhaps most purely poetical, was that in Percy's *Reliques*. Percy's copy, however, leaves much of the story untold, and it is to Scott's *Minstrelsy* that the fullest and best-known copy is owed. This, which was "taken from two MS. copies, collated with several verses recited by the editor's friend, Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate," not only contains all the stanzas of Percy's version, but includes many other details and images, some of which are among the most famous in ballad literature. Scott's copy is here followed.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,*
 Drinking the bluid-red wine;
 "O whare will I get a skeely[†] skipper, [†] skilful.
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king's right knee,
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

* Dunfermline was the ancient capital of Scotland, and remains honourable as the burial-place of some of the greatest of the Scottish kings. From Wyntoun's *Cronykil* we learn that Malcolm Canmore, slain at Alnwick while invading Rufus, with his Queen, Margaret, who died at Edinburgh on hearing of his death, and their sons, Edward and Ethelred, were buried here before the Rood Altar, and translated later into the choir. Here lie Alexander I., who died at Stirling; Malcolm II.; Alexander, son of Alexander III., who died at Lindores; Alexander III. himself; and the bones of Robert the Bruce. David II., Bruce's son, was born in Dunfermline.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e’e.

“O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
They ha’e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say,

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

"For I brought as much white money
As gane¹ my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou² of gude red gowd
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

¹ suffice.

² the eighth part
of a peck.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the top-masts lap³,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

³ sprang.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd¹ on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That nevermair cam' hame.

¹ fluttered, or
rather, floated.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

THE BLUIDY STAIR.

[Rothesay Castle in Bute is said by tradition to have been the scene of the tragedy recorded in this ballad. Of the personages who took part in that tragedy nothing is known but what the ballad tells. One of the most ancient fortresses in Scotland, the Castle of Rothesay was a family possession of the Stewarts almost from the time of their first settlement in the country after the Battle of the Standard in 1138. During the reign of Malcolm the Maiden (1154-1165) Bute, previously a possession of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, was taken by the Steward; this being the first footing obtained on the larger isles of the west coast by the Scots. It is known to have been recaptured by the Norsemen in 1228; and in 1263, the eve of the Battle of Largs, it was once again taken by Haco the Norse king, and restored to Ruari, a descendant of Reginald, Somerled's second son. Upon one of these occasions the invaders, according to the Norse record, gained entrance by sapping the walls, when they killed the Stewart upon them. It is possible that the events of the ballad may have followed this occurrence. Four stairs, rising from the interior court, originally admitted the defenders to the top of the castle walls; and it is the most perfect remaining of these, whose worn and broken steps, said to be still stained with blood, descend behind the ruins of the ancient chapel, which is pointed out by tradition as the scene of the ballad.

So far as the present editor is aware, "The Bluidy Stair" is here printed in a ballad collection for the first time. It is derived from a guide-book to Rothesay Castle published by Bryce Ferguson, Rothesay, in 1878.]

OH, Rothesay's tower is round about,
And Rothesay's tower is strang;
And loud within its merry wa's
The noise o' wassail rang.

A scald o' Norway struck the harp,
And a good harper was he;
For hearts beat mad, and looks grew wild
Wi' his sang o' victory.

A dark-eyed chief has left the board
Where he sat as lord and liege;
And he called aloud amidst the crowd
For Thorfinn, his little foot-page.

“Go, tell the stranger Isabel,
That she stir not from the bower,
Till darkness dons her blackest dress,
And midnight marks the hour.

“And tell the Lady Isabel,
To come when the feast is o’er,
And meet upon the chapel stair
The chieftain Rory Mhor.”

When the feast was o’er, and a’ was hushed
In midnight and in mirk,
A lady was seen, like a spirit at e’en,
To pass by the holy kirk.

She stood at the foot o’ the chapel stair,
And she heard a footstep’s tread;
For the wild Norse warrior was there,
Who thus to the lady said:

“I’m Rory Mhor, the island chief,
I’m Roderic, Lord of Bute;
For the raven o’ Norway flies above,
And the lion o’ Scotland is mute.

"I hate your kith, fair lady," he said,
"I hate your kith and kin;
And I am sworn to be their foe
Till life be dried within.

"Yet kiss me, lovely Isabel,
And lay your cheek to mine;
Though ye bear the bluid o' the High Steward,
I'll woo nae hand but thine."

"Awa, awa! ye rank butcher!"
Said the Lady Isabel,
"For beneath your hand my father dear
And my three brave brothers fell."

"It's I ha'e conquered them," he said,
"And I will conquer thee;
For if in love ye winna wed,
My leman ye shall be."

"The stars will dreip out their beds o' blue
Ere you in love I wed;
I rather wad fly to the grave and lie
In the mouldy embrace o' the dead.

"I canna love, I winna love
A murderer for my lord;
For even yet my father's bluid
Lies lapper'd¹ on your sword.

¹ clotted.

“And I never will be your base leman,
While death to my dagger is true;
For I hate you, Chief, as the foe of my kin,
And the foe of my country too.”

An eye micht be seen wi' revenge to gleam,
Like a shot star in a storm;
And a heart was felt to writhe, as if bit
By the never-dying worm.

A struggle was heard on the chapel stair,
And a smothered shriek of pain—
A deadened groan, and a fall on the stone—
And all was silent again.

The morning woke on the lady's bower,
But no Isabel was there;
The morning woke on Rothesay's tower,
And blood was on the stair.

And rain may fa', and time may ca'¹ 1 drive.
Its lazy wheels about;
But the steps are red, and the stains o' bluid
Will never be washen out.

And oft in the mirk and midnight hour,
When a' is silent there,
A shriek is heard, and a lady is seen
On the steps of the bluidy stair.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

[One of the oldest of the extant ballads of Scotland to which a historic personality can be attached, this remains also one of the most interesting. Thomas of Ercildoune, whose ruined tower is still to be seen near the village of Earlstoun on the Leader water, was famous both as a poet and a prophet throughout the middle ages in Scotland. Bits of local prophecy quoted as his were floating in popular tradition so late as the beginning of the present century, and probably no name throughout Scotland, not even excepting Michael Scot and Merlin the Wild, has been invested with so uncanny a reputation as that of True Thomas. From three extant charters and a reference by Henry the Minstrel, his life may be set roughly between the years 1220 and 1299. His name of "The Rhymer" is believed to have been derived from his works. The famous romance of "Sir Tristrem," preserved in the Auchinleck MS. (*circa* 1350) in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Scott in 1804 and by M'Neil in 1886, is believed to be his; and a small volume published at Edinburgh by Andro Hart in 1615 contains a large number of political rhyming prophecies attributed to the Rhymer. There also exists a romantic poem in three fyfts, or cantos, which first sets forth the manner in which Thomas obtained his prophetic power from the Queen of Faerie, and next proceeds to foretell in chronological order the events of Scottish history for several centuries. Five MS. versions of this composition have been preserved, and have recently been edited together by Dr. J. A. H. Murray for the Early English Text Society. The part of the poem which details Ercildoune's adventure with the Queen of Elfland may be believed to be the work of Thomas himself. Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads of Scotland*, suggested that "in order to give a sanction to his predictions, which seem all to have been calculated in one way or other for the service of his country, the Rhymer pretended to an intercourse with the elfin queen, as Numa Pompilius did with the nymph Egeria." It is the first fyft of the poem which has been transformed by oral tradition into the ballad known under the name of "Thomas the Rhymer," and it is remarkable with what fidelity the popular vehicle has conveyed the narrative of incidents, and even the

identical expressions, of the ancient composition. Versions of the ballad have been printed both by Jamieson and Scott. Sir Walter, on the suggestion of the ancient poem, added to the ballad a second part, of his own composition, embodying some of the most striking prophetic verses from Hart's publication, and a third part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of the final return to Elfland of True Thomas, with a hart and hynd which appeared to summon him in the greenwood near his tower of Ercildoune.

The copy of the ballad which here follows is that of Scott, who obtained it "from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune," and corrected and enlarged it from a copy in the MS. of Mrs. Brown of Falkland.

It should be added that though Eildon Tree on Eildon side has long ago disappeared, the spot where Thomas is said to have met the Queen of Faerie is marked by a large stone called Eildon Tree Stone.]

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank,

A ferlie¹ he spied wi' his e'e;

¹ marvel.

And there he saw a lady bright,

Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,

Her mantle o' the velvet fine;

At ilka tett² of her horse's mane

Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,

And louted low down to his knee,

"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!

For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,

"That name does not belang to me;

I am but the queen of fair Elfland

That am hither come to visit thee.

¹ speak, sing.

"Harp and carp¹, Thomas," she said;
 "Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your body I will be."

² That destiny
 shall never
 daunt me.

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird shall never daunt² me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
 "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
 Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
 She's ta'en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, True Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
 And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

* lawn.

"And see not ye that bonnie road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if you speak a word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern
light,
And they waded through red bluid to the knee;
For a' the bluid that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gi'e to me!
I neither dought[†] to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady."
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

[Each district of Scotland, says Kinloch, has its own version of this ballad. "So," adds Professor Child, "it must have done no little mischief in its day." Its antiquity is vouched for by the fact that an English ditty in the *Roxburgh Ballads*, "The Lovely Northern Lasse," which was printed about 1640, bears that it was to a pleasant Scottish tune called "The Broom of Cowdenknowes." The refrain also of "O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom" is mentioned in the fifth edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1638. A copy entitled "The Laird of Knotington," of 1768, is among Bishop Percy's papers, and a short version entitled "Bonnie May" was printed by Herd in 1769. The finest and most complete version is that printed from Ettrick Forest tradition in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and this is the copy here followed. The editor of *Auld Scots Ballants*, Mr. Robert Ford, in reprinting Scott's version, avers that "the first ballad—probably the subjoined—having this title, is said to have been the production of a Mellerstane maid, whose name was Crosbie, and that the words of her song were set to music by David Rizzio, the ill-fated musician of Mary Stuart." Cowdenknowes is upon the Leader Water, about four miles above Melrose.]

O THE broom, and the bonnie, bonnie broom,
And the broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bucht, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
And the bucht i' the lirk¹ o' the hill,
And aye as she sang, her voice it rang
Out ower the head o' yon hill.

the fold in the
hollow.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Came riding merrily by,
And ane o' them has rade out o' the way
To the bucht to the bonnie may.

"Weel may ye save and see, bonnie lass,
And weel may ye save and see!"
"And sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will ye be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out o' the bucht I darena come,
For fear that ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me, bonnie lass?
O winna ye pity me?
And winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wadna pity your poor steed
Though it were tied to a thorn,
For if ye wad gain my love the night
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,
And your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills
And ye may weel seem for to be."

THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

"But I am not the laird o' the Oakland hills;
Ye're far mista'en in me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
And right aft' in his company."

He's ta'en her by her middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
He's lifted her over the fauld dyke,
And speered at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streaked^{*} her yellow hair:

^{*} stroked.

"Now take ye that, my bonnie may,
Of me till you hear mair."

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
And soon he's o'erta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
"O master, ye've tarried lang!"

"O I ha'e been east, and I ha'e been west,
And I ha'e been far ower the knowes;
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bucht, milking the ewes."

She set the cog upon her head,
And she's gane singing hame.

"O where ha'e ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye ha'e na been your lane."

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

1 death.
 2 built.
 3 fox.
 "But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
 And an ill deid¹ may he die!
 He bug² the bucht at the back o' the knowe,
 And a tod³ has frighted me.

4 liefer, rather.
 "There came a tod to the bucht door,
 The like I never saw;
 And ere he had taken the lamb he did,
 I had loured⁴ he had ta'en them a'."

O when fifteen weeks were come and gane,
 Fifteen weeks and three,
 That lassie began to look thin and pale,
 And thought lang for his merry twinkling e'e.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
 She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
 By came a troop o' gentlemen
 A' merrily riding by.

"Weel may ye save and see, bonnie may!
 Weel may ye save and see!
 Weel I wat ye be a very bonnie may,
 5 who is owed.
 But wha's aucht⁵ that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could that lassie say,
 For never a ane could she blame;
 And never a word could the lassie say
 But "I have a gudeman at hame."

"Ye lee'd, ye lee'd, ye very bonnie may!
 Sae loud as I hear you lee!
 For dinna ye mind that misty night
 I was i' the bucht wi' thee?

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
And your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonnie lass i' the Cowdenknowe,
And ye may weel seem for to be."

Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
And he's set that fair may on :

"Ca' out your kye, gude-father¹, yoursel',
For she's never ca' them out again."

¹ father-in-law.

"I am the laird o' the Oakland hills,
I ha'e thirty ploughs and three,
And I ha'e gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south country."

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

[There is reason to believe that the industry of Henry the Minstrel in the fifteenth century so fully incorporated in his *Wallace* all the popular ballad narratives current regarding the national hero that not one of these has been handed down to modern times. The two compositions which here follow obviously derive their incidents from the fourth and fifth books of the Minstrel's epic. In Alexander Laing's *Thistle of Scotland*, as well as in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, the narrative of Wallace and his leman has a portion of the alehouse adventure attached to it. Separate and better versions of the latter, however, appear in Buchan's *Gleanings*, in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*. "Sir William Wallace" is accordingly taken here from *The Thistle of Scotland*, and "Gude Wallace" from Buchan's *Gleanings*.]

WOULD ye hear of William Wallace,
And seek him as he goes,
Into the land of Lanark,
Amang his mortal foes?

There were fifteen English sogers
Unto his lady came,
Said, "Gi'e us William Wallace,
That we may have him slain.

"Would ye gi'e William Wallace,
That we may have him slain,
And ye'se be wedded to a lord,
The best in Christendeem."

"This very night, at seven,
Brave Wallace will come in,
And he'll come to my chamber door,
Without or dread or din."

The fifteen English sogers
Around the house did wait;
And four brave Southron foragers
Stood hie upon the gate¹.

¹ road.

That very night, at seven,
Brave Wallace he came in,
And he came to his lady's bower
Withouten dread or din.

When she beheld him Wallace,
And stared him in the face,
"Ohon, alas!" said that lady,
"This is a woeful case.

"For I this nicht have sold you,
This nicht you must be ta'en;
And I'm to be wedded to a lord,
The best in Christendeem."

"Do you repent," said Wallace,
"The ill you've done to me?"
"Ay, that I do," said that lady,
"And will do till I die.

"Ay, that I do," said that lady,
"And will do ever still;
And for the ill I've done to you,
Let me burn upon a hill."

"Now, God forfend," says brave Wallace,
"I should be so unkind;
Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,
I'm aye a woman's friend.

“Will ye gi’e me your gown, your gown,
Your gown but and your kirtle,
Your petticoat of bonnie brown,
And belt about my middle?

“I’ll take a pitcher in ilka hand,
And do me to the well;
They’ll think I’m one of your maidens,
Or think it is yoursel’.”

She has gi’en him her gown, her gown,
Her petticoat and kirtle;
Her broadest belt wi’ silver clasps,
To bind about his middle.

He’s ta’en a pitcher in ilka hand,
And done him to the well;
They thought him one of her maidens,
They ken’d it was na hersel’.

Said one of the Southron foragers,
“See ye yon lusty dame?
I would na gi’e meikle to thee, neebor,
To bring her back again.”

Then all the Southrons followed him
And sure they were but four;
But he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slain them pair by pair.

GUDE WALLACE.

WALLACE in the high Highlands,
 Neither meat nor drink got he;
 Said, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
 Now to some town I maun be."

He's put on his short cleiding,
 And on his short cleiding put he;
 Says, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
 Now to Perth-town I maun be."

He stepped o'er the river Tay,
 I wat he stepped on dry land;
 He was aware of a weel-faur'd¹ maid,
 Was washing there her lily hands.

¹ well-favoured.

"What news, what news, ye weel-faur'd maid?
 What news ha'e ye this day to me?"
 "Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,
 Nae news ha'e I this day to thee;
 But fifteen lords in yon hostage-house
 Waiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket
 The worth of one single penny,
 I would go to the hostage-house,
 And there the gentlemen to see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
 And she has pulled out half-a-crown;
 Says, "Take ye that, ye belted knight,
 'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went frae the weel-faur'd maid,
 A beggar bold I wat met he,
 * patched.
 Was covered wi' a clouted¹ cloak,
 And in his hand a trusty tree.
 * frail.
 "What news, what news, ye silly² auld man,
 What news ha'e ye this day to gi'e?"

"No news, no news, ye belted knight,
 No news ha'e I this day to thee;
 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house
 Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend me your clouted cloak,
 That covers you frae head to shie,
 And I'll gang to the hostage-house,
 Asking there for some supplie."

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
 And there he pulled a trusty tree,
 And then he's on to the hostage-house,
 Asking there for charity.

Down the stair the captain comes,
 Aye the puir man for to see:
 "If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
 Ye'll gi'e a puir man some supplie;
 If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
 A guinea this day ye'll gi'e to me."

"Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?
Where were ye born? in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland I was born,
Crooked carle that I be."

"I would give you fifty pounds
Of gold and white money;
O, I would give you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see."

"Tell down your money," said Willie Wallace,
"Tell down your money, if it be gude;
For I'm sure I have it in my power,
And never had a better bode¹. * bid, offer.

"Tell down your money," said Willie Wallace,
"And let me see if it be fine;
I'm sure I ha'e it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in."

The money was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fifty;
"Now here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
"And what ha'e ye to say to me?"

He slew the captain where he stood,
The rest they did quake and roar;
He slew the rest around the room,
And asked if there were any more.

"Come, cover the table," said Willie Wallace,
"Come, cover the table now, make haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Since I a bit o' meat did taste."

The table was not well covered,
Nor yet was he set down to dine,
Till fifteen more of the English lords
Surrounded the house where he was in.

The gudewife she ran but the floor,
And aye the gudeman he ran ben;
From eight o'clock till four at noon,
Wallace has killed full thirty men.

* turmoil.

He put the house in sic a swither¹,
That five o' them he stickit dead;
Five o' them he drowned in the river,
And five hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on the North Inch* gone,
Where the maid was washing tenderly:
"Now, by my sooth," said Willie Wallace,
"It's been a sair day's wark to me!"

He's put his hand into his pocket,
And he has pulled out twenty pound;
Says, "Take ye that, ye weel-faured maid,
For the gude luck of your half-crown!"

* The commons of the city of Perth are called the North and South Inches.

THE
BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

[Of all the popular lays of Scotland the ballad of "The Battle of Otterbourne" remains the most stirring. "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas," says Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poetry*, "that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." And though the saying probably applies to the companion ballad of "Chevy Chase," it is equally applicable here. No other ballad gives so strong an impression of the high-hearted chivalry of the middle centuries, and at the same time no ballad has a greater claim to historic truth.

A circumstantial account of the famous battle is furnished by Froissart, and may be briefly summarised. In the month of August, 1388, the nobles of Scotland, having agreed upon a raid into the northern counties of England, assembled a host of twelve hundred lances and forty thousand men-at-arms near Jedburgh, on the Border. Here they heard that the English barons, headed by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had prepared a counter raid into Scotland. To prevent this the Scottish forces were divided: while the main body under Archibald Douglas and the Earl of Fife, son of Robert II., made for Carlisle, a smaller host of three or four hundred picked men-at-arms, with some two thousand others, well-mounted, were led by James, Earl of Douglas, his brother, the Earl of Murray, and the Earl of March, through the shires of Northumberland and Durham, burning as they went, to the walls of Newcastle. In the course of a skirmish under these walls Douglas got possession of the pennon of Henry Percy, or Hotspur as he was called, son of the Earl of Northumberland. This he vowed he would carry home and mount on the highest point of his castle of Dalkeith. "That," answered Percy, "shalt thou never." "Come then to-night and win it back," said Douglas; "I will plant it before my tent." Next day the Scots marched thirty miles north-west from Newcastle and besieged the tower of Otterbourne. It was a moonlight night, clear and fair, that followed, when, some of the Scots knights being at supper, and more of them asleep, wearied with the labours of the day, and expecting to be up betimes to renew the siege on the morrow, the cry was heard of "Percy! Percy!" and Hotspur, at the head of six hundred lances and eight thousand foot, was seen breaking into the

camp. The knights of the north armed hastily, and by a well-concerted movement along the hillside, fell upon their assailants from an unexpected quarter. The English were taken by surprise, but presently closing up, renewed their battle-cry of "Percy!" and being three to one began to drive back their opponents. Seeing this, Douglas, who was young, strong, and ardent, sent his banner to the front, and seizing a two-handed battle-axe, plunged into the thickest of the fight, where, with the shout of "Douglas! Douglas!" he cleared a path before him. He penetrated far into the English ranks before he fell, struck by three spears at once, in the shoulder, the chest, and the thigh. His two squires, Sir Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning, lay dead at his side, and his chaplain, Richard Lundie, had just been struck down, axe in hand, in defence of his master's body, when Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, and other Scottish knights and squires, made their way to the spot. "Cousin, how fares it with you?" asked Sir John Sinclair. "Indifferently," answered the Earl; "praised be God, few of my ancestors have died in their beds. Avenge me, for I count myself dead. It is an old prophecy that a dead Douglas shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night. Walter and John Sinclair, up with my banner and let neither friend nor foe know of my death." This the Sinclairs did, and with the shout of "Douglas!" led a new attack, and, supported by the Earls of Murray and March, drove the English back so far that they could not recover their lost ground. Sir Ralph Percy, his hose and boots full of blood, surrendered to Sir John Maxwell; and Hotspur, after a hand-to-hand encounter, was made prisoner by Lord Montgomery, being compelled afterwards for his ransom to build for his captor the castle of Penoon in Ayrshire. The English lost 1860 killed, 1000 wounded, and 1040 taken prisoner. On the Scots side the loss was about 100 killed and 200 captured. Douglas was not buried on the field, as the ballad narrates, but was carried to Melrose Abbey, where his tomb may still be seen. A legend that Douglas was not killed in fair fight, but was stabbed from behind by a page, John Bickerton of Luffness, whom he had struck on the day before with his truncheon for some slackness of duty, may be attributed, as Scott says, to the common desire of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man.

The scene of the battle of Otterbourne is still known as Battle-Cross. A cross, locally known as Percy's Cross, marks the spot where the Earl of Douglas is supposed to have fallen; and about a mile distant, on Fawdoun Hill, the vestiges of the Scottish camp may still be made out.

A Scottish ballad describing the battle may be believed to have been popular shortly after the event. In the "Complaynte of Scotland," 1547, a line of it is cited "The Persee and the Montgumrye met;" and in 1644, Hume, in his *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, describes the ballad and quotes

its opening stanza. These references afford room for believing that the Scottish form of the ballad as now known is substantially that of early times. The first version of the ballad published was an English one, by Percy, in the *Reliques*. The Scots version was printed first in Herd's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, but the best and most complete version is that obtained by Scott in two copies from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest. It is Scott's version which here follows.

The Scottish ballad of "The Battle of Otterbourne" is frequently confused with the English ballad of "Chevy Chase," or "The Hunting of Cheviot," as it is sometimes called—a different composition, referring to a different incident of Border warfare.]

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound[†] him to ride [†] prepared.
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,*
With them the Lindsays, light and gay,
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough-shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about:
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

* The illustrious house of Gordon was originally settled on the lands of Gordon and Huntly in Berwickshire, from which it still derives its chief titles. The Græmes occupied the Debateable Land, their chief being still settled at Netherby Hall, in that country—the spot famous as the scene of Scott's poem "Young Lochinvar."

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For ere I cross the Border fells,
The ane o' us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiously.

But O how pale his lady looked,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad ha'e had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three days end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn,
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kail¹,
To fend² my men and me.

¹ broth.

² support.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if you come not at three days end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Lady!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions³ down.

³ pavilions, tents.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight⁴ my men and me.

⁴ handle.

"But I ha'e dreamed a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Skye:
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braid sword,
 And to the field he ran;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain!

¹ clashed.

They swakked¹ their swords, till sair they swat,
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broadsword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
 And said, "Run speedily,
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 "What recks the death of ane!
 Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the braken bush²,
 That grows on yonder lily lea.

² i.e. by the fern
 brake

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tears in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merry men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders¹ flew, ¹ splinters.
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swakked swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,*
"Now that I see it must be so?"

* It was not, of course, the Earl who was taken prisoner, but his son, Hotspur, as noted in the introduction above.

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lily lea!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the ground;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

THE TWA CORBIES.

[This ballad, which presses tragedy to its utmost limit, was communicated to Scott by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe as written down from tradition by a lady. It presents a curious likeness in unlikeness to the English ballad of "The Three Ravens" printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, from a collection of 1611, Ravenscroft's *Melismata, Musical Phansies fitting the Citty and Country Humours*. The Scottish ballad is sung at the present day to a monotonous crooning air, admirably representing the weary sigh of the wind over a desolate moor.]

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the tother say,
"Where sall we gang and dine the day?"

"In behint yon auld fail¹ dyke ¹ turf.
I wat there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame;
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane², ² throat-bane.
And I'll pike out his bonnie blue een.
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek³ our nest when it grows bare. ³ thatch.

"Mony a ane for him mak's mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane.
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW.

[Many versions of this ballad have been printed, most of them very fragmentary. Those which seem most complete appear to be made so by incorporations from other ballads, and the most poetic of all is that first printed from the *Orpheus Caledonius* of 1733 in the fourth volume of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. It is here reproduced with the addition of a final stanza from the version in Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*.]

^x promised.

“WILLIE'S rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonnie,
And Willie hecht^x to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

“Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The nicht I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter nicht
I'll lie twined o' my marrow.

“O cam' ye by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily;
Or cam' you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?”

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
Syne, in the clifting o' a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links o' her yellow hair,
That hang down lang and yellow,
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
And drawn him out o' Yarrow.

MAY COLVIN.

[In the north country, at the Water of Ugie, a precipice is pointed out as Fause Sir John's Loup, which is said to be the scene of the incident narrated in this ballad. On the Ayrshire seacoast, however, in the parish of Ballantrae, another cliff called Gamesloup claims the same distinction. About two miles north of the latter, in the village of Lendalfoot, the tradition of the tragedy is circumstantially told at the present day, and the old grey tower of Carleton, on a knoll above the village, is said to have been the dwelling of the mediæval Bluebeard. Carleton Castle was a residence of the Cathcart family settled in this district as early as the time of Bruce; and the Fause Sir John of the ballad is said to have been a Sir John Cathcart. Culzean Castle, now the chief seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, head of the Kennedy family, lies only a few miles to the north, and the heroine of the ballad is said locally to have been a daughter of that house—May of Culzean. But whether or not any such tragedy ever took place at Gamesloup, it is only right to add that the incidents of the Scottish ballad are paralleled in folksongs of nearly every country of Europe. No other ballad, indeed, appears to be so universally current, and from the likeness of the prevailing name of the chief character of the story, Colvin, Halewyn, or Hollevern, it has even been suggested that the legend is a wild shoot from the story of Judith and Holofernes.]

Under the title of "May Colvin" the Scottish ballad was first printed in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*. Motherwell in his *Minstrelsy* refers to other early copies entitled variously "The Western Tragedy" and "The Historical Ballad of May of Culzean." In Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* appear three other versions—"Fause Sir John and May Colvin," "Aye as the Gowans grow gay," and "The Water o' Wearie's Well." It appears in the Roxburgh Ballads (British Museum) as "The False Knight Outwitted," and is well known and popular in England under the title of "The Outlandish Knight." Professor Child, in his great ballad collection, prints several of these versions, together with a very learned essay upon the versions of other nations, under the title of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight." Herd's version is here followed.]

FAUSE Sir John a-woeing came
 To a maid of beauty fair;
 May Colvin was this lady's name,
 Her father's only heir.

¹ *i.e.* in the outer
and inner
apartments.

He wooed her but, he wooed her ben¹,
He wooed her in the ha',
Until he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

He went down to her father's bower,
Where a' the steeds did stand,
And he's taken one of the best steeds
That was in her father's hand.

He's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part—
A rock by the side of the sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John,
"Your bridal bed you see;
Here have I drowned seven young ladies,
The eighth ane you shall be."

"Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
All, and your silken gown,
For it's ower good and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea-foam.

"Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
All, and your embroidered shoon,
For they are ower good and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea-foam."

"O turn you about, O false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
So swift as May Colvin was
To throw him into the sea.

"O help, O help, my May Colvin!
O help, or else I drown,
I'll tak' you hame to your father's bower,
And set ye down safe and sound."

"Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,
Nae help nor pity to thee,
Though seven king's daughters you have drowned,
The eighth shall not be me."

So she went on her father's steed
As swift as she could flee,
And she cam' hame to her father's bower
Before it was break of day.

Up then spak' the pretty parrot,
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late the 'streen?"

"He wooed you but, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you in the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me.
Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,
Your cage of the root of the tree."

Up then 'spak' the king himsel',
In the bed-chamber where he lay,
"What ails the pretty parrot
That prattles so long ere day?"

"There came a cat to my cage door,
It almost worried me,
And I was calling on May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

ALLAN O' MAUT.

[Five different copies of this humorous ballad were printed by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*—"Allan-a-Maut" from the Bannatyne MS. (1568); "Allan o' Maut," the copy followed here, from the recollection of the Rev. William Gray of Lincoln; "John Barleycorn," from his own recollection as he learned it in Morayshire when a boy; "Master Mault," and "Sir John Barleycorn," English versions, from the Pepys collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge. It is also included in Professor Aytoun's collection. The ballad appears to have furnished Burns with the idea of the well known poem, "John Barleycorn."]

GUDE Allan o' Maut was ancé ca'd Bear,
And he was cadged frae wa' to wear¹,
And draggled wi' muck², and syne wi' rain,
Till he dee'd and cam' to life again.

¹ jolted from wall
to barricade.

² farm-yard mud.

He first grew green, syne he grew white,
Syne a' men thocht that he was ripe;
And wi' crookit gullies³ and hefts o' tree
They've hewed him down right doughtily.

³ large knives.

Syne they've set Allan up into stooks⁴,
And casten on him mony pleasant looks;
They've turs'd⁵ him up syne on a sled,
Till in the grain-yard they made his bed.

⁴ shocks of twelve
sheaves.

⁵ packed.

Then men clamb up upon a ladder,
And happit⁶ his head frae wind and weather;
They've ta'en him neist up in their arms
And made his shake-down in the barns.

⁶ covered.

The hollin souples, that were sae snell⁷,
His back they loundert, mell for mell⁸;
Mell for mell, and baff for baff⁹,
Till his hide flew about his lugs¹⁰ like chaff.

⁷ The holly flail-
ends that were
so severe.

⁸ drubbed, stroke
for stroke.

⁹ buffet.

¹⁰ ears.

Then in cam' Jenny wi' her riddle,
 And she gae mony a fike and fiddle¹;
 Set up the doors, loot in the win',
 To see what fausity² fell frae him.

They stowed him up intil a seck,
 And o'er the horse-back broke his neck;
 Syne birstled³ they him upon the kiln
 Till he was bane-dry for the mill.

They coupit⁴ him then into the hopper,
 And broke his banes, gnipper for gnopper⁵;
 Syne put the burn until the glead⁶,
 And leepit⁷ the een out o' his head.

Till in cam' Barmy-breeks, his brither,
 Like ae gude neighbour to crack⁸ wi' anither;
 Says, "Allan o' Maut, are ye gaun to die?
 Rise up, man, first, and dance wi' me."

They danced about frae hand to hand,
 Till they danced o'er the working-stand;
 Syne in cam' Jenny wi' her dish,
 She gae mony a rummle⁹ and rush.
 And Usquebaugh ne'er bure the bell,*
 Sae bauld as Allan bure himsel'.

* To bear the bell has here, as Jamieson points out, a double meaning. "The bell," he says, "is the collection of bubbles that float on the surface of whiskey, and to bear the bell well is accounted a good sign" in that liquor.

THE CARL OF KELLYBURNBRAES.

[This vigorous and characteristic humorous ballad was printed first in the *Scots Musical Museum* as improved by Burns from an ancient traditional version, and was afterwards included in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*. The refrain is here omitted from all but the first stanza and the last.]

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes,
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
And the thyme it is withered, and the rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen¹?" ¹ make shift.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig² I shall crave, ² your ox nor your colt.
But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have."

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carl said;
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor³ ye're ca'd." ³ worse than.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back,
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door⁴, ⁴ the door of an inside porch.
Syne bade her go in, for a b—— and a w——.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand.

¹ mad bear.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear¹;
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair.

² smoked.

A reekit² wee devil looks over the wa';
"O help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'."

The devil he swore, by the edge o' his knife,
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife.

The devil he swore, by the kirk and the bell,
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven! but in hell.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
And to her auld husband he's carried her back.

³ greater part.

"I ha'e been a devil the feck³ o' my life;
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' your wife;
And the thyme it is withered, and the rue is in
prime."

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

[During the imprisonment of James I. in England the earldom of Ross fell to the Crown. It was claimed by Donald, Lord of the Isles, in right of his wife, as next of kin, but the claim was resisted by the Regent, Robert Duke of Albany. Donald thereupon raised the standard of revolt, obtained the aid of the English fleet, and landing on the mainland with a following of ten thousand fully-armed Highlanders, marched with sword and fire through Moray, Strathbogie, and Garioch, towards Aberdeen. At the village of Harlaw, however, eighteen miles north of Aberdeen, he was met by the royal forces under the Earl of Mar. An obstinate and terrible encounter took place, in which neither side could claim the advantage; and the battle was only ended by the descent of night. On the side of the Earl of Mar the loss included all the principal gentry of Angus and Mearns, with 500 men-at-arms, and the greater part of the burgesses of Aberdeen, with their Provost. The Highlanders left on the field 900 dead, including the chiefs of the Maclean and Mackintosh clans. So heavy, indeed, was his loss, that, although the advantage appears to have been with him, Donald withdrew next day and retreated into the north. The battle was fought on the 24th of July, 1411. In the following summer Albany himself attacked Donald in his own domains, forced him to relinquish his claims to independence and to the earldom of Ross, to become a vassal of the Scottish Crown, and to give hostages for his good behaviour.

It may be of interest to note that the Earl of Mar who led the Regent's forces was Alexander Stewart, a natural son of the Earl of Buchan, famous as the Wolf of Badenoch, who married the Countess of Mar by force. After the battle the body of the Provost of Aberdeen was brought back to the city and buried in St. Nicholas' Church. About 1760, when the nave of the church fell to ruins, the remains were discovered, a small crimson cap covering the head.

The conflict, one of the last acts of the great Celtic and Saxon struggle for supremacy, seems to have made a deep impression on the mind of the country, and has been perpetuated both in the national music and poetry. "The Battle of Harlaw" was a popular marching air in the time of Drummond of Hawthornden. In Daniel Dow's *Collection of Ancient Scots Music*, about 1776, there occurs "The Battle of Hara Law," and in Stenhouse's notes to Johnson's *Musical Museum* appears "The Battle of Hardlaw, a Pibroch," taken from "a folio MS. of Scottish tunes," of considerable antiquity. Probably it is the ballad itself which is referred to among the "sweet melodius sangis" in *The Complaynt of Scotland* (1549) as "The Battel of Hayrlaw."

The first printed version of the ballad occurs in Ramsay's *Evergreen*. Another traditionary version was contributed to Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland* by Lady Jane Scott, and one almost identical with it, but containing three additional stanzas, was printed in *Notes and Queries* for May 20, 1865. The last copy is here followed. "This, the original version of this ballad," said Mr. A. Ferguson, by whom it was communicated, "has, it is believed, never been printed. It is sung to a quaint, lively air, and years ago might have been heard not unfrequently in the farmhouses in Aberdeenshire."]

As I cam' in by Dunidier,
And down by Wetherha',
There were fifty thousand Hielan'men
A' marching to Harlaw.

Chorus—In a dree, dree, drady drumtie dree.

As I cam' on, and farther on,
And down and by Balquhain,
Oh, there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

"Oh, cam' ye frae the Hielan's, man?
And cam' ye a' the way?
Saw ye Macdonell and his men
Come marchin' frae the Skye?"

"Yes, she cam' frae the Hielan's, man,
And she cam' a' the way,
And she saw Macdonell and his men
Come marchin' frae the Skye."

"Oh, were ye near, and near enough?
Did ye their numbers see?
Come, tell to me, John Hielan'man,
What might their numbers be?"

"Yes, she was near, and near enough,
And she their numbers saw;
There was fifty thousand Hielan'men
A' marchin' for Harlaw."

"Gin that be true," quo' James the Rose,
"We'll no come meikle speed;
• So we'd better cry in our merry-men,
And turn our horses' heads."

"Oh no, oh no!" quo' John the Græme,
"That thing maun never be;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam' on, and farther on,
And down and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw;
For Hielan' swords gaed clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw!

The Hielan'men wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us fu' sair;
And they drave back our merry-men
Three acres breadth or mair.

Brave Forbes did to his brother say,
"Now, brother, dinna ye see,
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee!"

"Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
That thing maun never be;
Tak' ye your good sword in your hand,
And come your ways wi' me."

"Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
The clans they are ower strang;
And they drive back our merry-men
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang."

Brave Forbes to his men did say,
"Now tak' your rest awhile;
Until I to Drumminnor send
To fetch my coat of mail."

Brave Forbes' servant then did ride,
And his horse it did na fail;
For in twa hours and a quarter,
He brought the coat of mail.

Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amang the thrang;
And they hewed down the Hielan'men,
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang.

Macdonell he was young and stout,
Had on his coat o' mail,
And he has gane out through them a',
To try his hand himsel'.

The first ae stroke that Forbes struck,
Made the great Macdonell reel;
The second stroke that Forbes struck,
The great Macdonell fell.

And siccan a pilleurichie[†],

The like ye never saw,

As was amang the Hielan'men

When they saw Macdonell fa'.

[†] such a commotion.

And when they saw that he was dead,

They turned and ran awa';

And they buried him in Seggat's Lan',

Some twa three miles awa'.

They rode, they ran, and some did gang,

But they were o' sma' record;

For Forbes and his merry men

Slew maist a' by the road.

On Munonday at morning

The battle it began;

On Saturday at gloamin'

Ye'd scarce tell wha had wan.

And sic a weary burying,

The like ye never saw,

As there was the Sunday after that

On the muirs down by Harlaw.

And gin Hielan' lasses speer at you

For them that gaed awa',

Ye may tell them plain and plain enough,

They're sleeping at Harlaw!

YOUNG WATERS.

[The earliest known edition of this ballad was printed in 1755 by Robert and Andrew Foulis of Glasgow, at the instance of Lady Jean Home, sister of the Earl of Home. This version was reprinted by Percy, Herd, Maidment and others. A much longer and inferior version was included by Buchan. The first edition published being now lost, the copy in the *Reliques* is here followed.]

Several conjectures have been hazarded as to the historical foundation of the ballad. The most probable appears to be that of Dr. Robert Chambers, who identifies the Young Waters of the ballad with Walter Stewart, second son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who was executed along with his father, his grandfather, and his brother, after the return of James I. from captivity in 1424. The name Waters, so likely a corruption of Walter, the relationship with the king, the mention of the Heading Hill, where Stewart actually suffered, and the indication of the popular sympathy with the young nobleman—all form points of agreement between the ballad and this particular episode as related by the Scottish historians, which appear to support Dr. Chambers's conjecture.]

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cool,
And the round tables began,*
O, there is come to our king's court
Mony a well-favoured man.

The queen looked o'er the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Come riding to the town.

* The particular nature of the sport or game of the Round Table is unknown. It appears, however, to have been a favourite pastime of the Scottish court during the reigns of James IV. and V., and the symmetrical disposition of the ground specially laid out for it still forms a feature of a grassy holm under the walls of Stirling Castle.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
And his mantle, of the burning gowd,
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden-graithed¹ his horse before,
And siller-shod behind;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

¹ golden-clad.

Out then spake a wily lord,
And to the queen said he:
"O, tell me, wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree;
But a fairer face than Young Waters'
Mine een did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king,
And an angry man was he:
"Oh, if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wouldna be;
And for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

They ha'e ta'en Young Waters,
Put fetters to his feet ;
They ha'e ta'en Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

" Aft I have ridden through Stirling town,
In the wind both and the weat ;
But I ne'er rade through Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

" Aft have I ridden through Stirling town,
In the wind both and the rain ;
But I ne'er rade through Stirling town,
Ne'er to return again."

They ha'e ta'en to the Heading Hill *
His young son in his cradle ;
And they ha'e ta'en to the Heading Hill
His horse both and his saddle.

They ha'e ta'en to the Heading Hill,
His lady fair to see ;
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did die.

* The ancient place of execution outside the walls of Stirling Castle.

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW
MURRAY.

[This ballad, says Scott, was for ages a popular song in Selkirkshire. The scene of the incident described was probably the old tower of Hangingshaw on the banks of the Yarrow, above whose door Mr. Plummer, sheriff-depute of Selkirk, informed Scott he remembered the insignia of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad. The old tower, now demolished, was for centuries the seat of the family of Murray, now of Philiphaugh, of which the famous outlaw was, in the time of James IV., the head. Tradition runs that Murray was a man of prodigious strength, who, with a huge baton or club, laid waste the country for miles on every side. He was finally slain, it is said, on a little mount covered with fir trees near Newark Castle, on the Yarrow, by Buccleuch or some of his clan.

Whether or not the "Sang" relates an incident in the life of this warrior remains uncertain. So early as the time of Bruce and Baliol the Philiphaugh family were settled in the district, and it seems more likely that the ballad refers to some incident during the feeble reigns of David II., Robert II., or Robert III. By a charter of James IV., dated November 30, 1509, the hereditary sheriffship of Ettrick Forest was vested in John Murray of Philiphaugh, and it seems probable, as Scott suggests, that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the sheriffship by James IV. with some earlier dispute occurring between the Murrays and their sovereign.

Scott's copy of the ballad was collated from one in Herd's MSS., since printed in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, one among the papers of Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest," and one in Glenriddell's MS., with a few further verses from the recollection of Mr. Plummer and Mungo Park, the African explorer. Another version, from an old MS. in the Philipshaugh charter-chest, supposed to have been written between the years 1689 and 1702, was printed by Professor Aytoun in his *Ballads of Scotland*. Scott's version, as the most complete, is here followed.]

ETTRICK FOREST is a fair forest,
In it grows mony a seemly tree;
There's hart and hind, and dae and rae,
And of a' wild beasts great plentie.

¹ built. There's a fair castle, bigg'd¹ wi' lime and stane;
 O, gin it stands not pleasantly!
 In the forefront o' that castle fair,
² brave, fair. Twa unicorns are braw² to see;
 There's the picture of a knight, and a lady bright,
³ brow. And the green hollin abune their brie³.

There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men;
 He keeps a royal company!
 His merry-men are a' in ae livery clad,
 O' the Lincoln green so gay to see;
 He and his lady in purple clad,
 O, gin they lived not royally!

Word is gane to our noble king,
 In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
 That there was an Outlaw in Ettrick Forest
⁴ his gay court- Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay⁴.
 following.

"I make a vow," then the gude king said,
 "Unto the Man that dear bought me,
 I'll either be king of Ettrick Forest,
 Or king of Scotland that Outlaw shall be!"

⁵ named. Then spak' the lord, hight⁵ Hamilton,
 And to the noble king said he,
 "My sovereign prince, some counsel take,
 First at your nobles, syne at me.

⁶ counsel. "I rede⁶ ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,
 And see if your man come will he;
 Desire him come and be your man,
 And hold of you yon forest free.

"If he refuses to do that,
We'll conquest baith his lands and he;
Or else we'll throw his castle down,
And make a widow o' his gay ladye."

The king then called a gentleman,
James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother was he),
When James he cam' before the king,
He knelt before him on his knee.

"Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king,
"A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hie to Ettrick Forest,
To yon Outlaw, where bideh he;

"Ask him of whom he halds his lands,
Or man wha may his master be,
And desire him come and be my man,
And hald of me yon Forest free.

"To Edinburgh to come and gang,
His safe warrant I shall gi'e;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquest baith his lands and he.

"Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castle down,
And mak' a widow of his gay ladye;
I'll hang his merrymen, pair by pair,
In ony frith^r where I may them see."

^r field.

James Boyd took his leave o' the noble king,
To Ettrick Forest fair cam' he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam',
He saw the fair Forest with his e'e.

Baith dae and rae, and hart and hind,
And of all wild beasts great plentie;
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,
¹whirring. And arrows whidderan'¹ him near by.

Of that fair castle he got a sight,
The like he ne'er saw with his e'e!
On the forefront o' that castle fair
Twa unicorns were gay to see,
The picture of a knight, and a lady bright,
And the green hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spied five hundred men,
Shooting with bows on Newark Lea;
They were a' in ae livery clad,
O' the Lincoln green sae gay to see.

His men were a' clad in the green,
The knight was armed *cap à pie*,
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed,
And I wot they ranked right bonnily.

Thereby Boyd kenn'd he was master man,
And served him in his ain degree:
"God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray,
Thy lady, and all thy chivalry!"
"Marry, thou's welcome, gentleman!
Some king's messenger thou seems to be."

"The king of Scotland sent me here,
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I would wot of whom ye hold your lands,
Or man wha may thy master be?"

"These lands are MINE!" the Outlaw said;

"I ken nae king in Christentie;

Frae Southron I this Forest wan,

When the king nor his knights were not to see."

"He desires you'll come to Edinburgh,

And hold of him this Forest free;

And, gif ye refuse to do this,

He'll conqess baith thy lands and thee.

He hath vowed to cast thy castle down,

And make a widow o' thy gay ladye;

"He'll hang thy merry-men, pair by pair,

In any frith where he may them find."

"Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,

"Than would I think me far behind.

"Ere the king my fair country get,

This land that's nativest to me,

Mony o' his nobles shall be cauld,

Their ladies shall be right weary."

Then spake his lady, fair of face,

She said, "Without consent of me,

That an Outlaw should come before a King!—

I am right rad^r of treasonrie.

^r afraid.

Bid him be gude to his lords at hame,

For Edinburgh my lord shall never see."

James Boyd took his leave o' the Outlaw keen,

To Edinburgh boun is he;

When James he cam' before the king,

He knel^{it} lowly on his knee.

"Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king,

"What forest is Ettrick Forest free?"

"Ettrick Forest is the fairest Forest

That ever man saw wi' his e'e.

"There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hind,

And of a' wild beasts great plentie;

There's a pretty castle of lime and stane,

O gif it stands not pleasantly!

"There's in the forefront o' that castle,

Twa unicorns, sae braw to see;

There's the picture of a knight, and a lady bright,

Wi' the green hollin abune their brie.

"There the Outlaw keeps five hundred men;

He keeps a royal company!

His merry men in ae livery clad,

O' the Lincoln green sae gay to see;

He and his lady in purple clad,

O, gin thy live not royally!

"He says yon Forest is his own,

He wan it frae the Southronie;

Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,

Contrair all kings in Christentie."

"Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus baith,

Fife up and down, and the Lothians three,

And graith my horse!" said our noble king,

"For to Ettrick Forest hie will I me."

Then word is gane the Outlaw till,

In Ettrick Forrest, where dwelleth he,

That the king was coming to his country
To conquest baith his lands and he.

"I mak' a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak' a vow, and that truly,
Were there but three men to take my part,
Yon king's coming full dear should be!"

Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedily:
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead is he.

"He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him come quick and succour me!
The king comes on for Ettrick Forest,
And landless men we a' will be."

"What news? What news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as we would; seeking your aid;
The king's his mortal enemy."

"Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif ye lose fair Ettrick Forest,
He'll tak' fair Moffatdale frae me.

"I'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae¹ may be;
And before he gets the Forest fair,
We a' will die on Newark Lea!"

¹ more.

The Outlaw called a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedily,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool :
"That man's a dear cousin to me ;
Desire him come, and make me aid,
With a' the power that he may be."

"It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me,
To enter against a king wi' crown,
And set my lands in jeopardy !
Yet, if I come not on the day,
Surely at night he shall me see."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,
A messenger came right speedily :
"What news? What news?" James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"

"What needs I tell? for weel ye ken,
The king's his mortal enemy ;
And now he is coming to Ettrick Forest,
And landless men ye a' will be."

"And, by my troth," James Murray said,
"Wi' that Outlaw will I live and die ;
The king has gifted my lands lang syne ;
It cannot be nae worse wi' me."

The king was coming through Caddon Ford,
And full five thousand men had he ;
They saw the dark Forest them before,
They thought it awesome for to see.

Then spak' the lord, hight Hamilton,
 And to the noble king said he,
 "My sovereign liege, some counsel tak',
 First at your nobles, syne at me.

"Desire him meet thee at Penmanscore,
 And bring four in his company;
 Five earls shall gang yoursel' before,
 Gude cause that you should honoured be.

"And gif he refuses to do that,
 We'll conquess baith his lands and he;
 There shall never a Murray, after him,
 Hold land in Ettrick Forest free."

Then spak' the keen laird of Buccleuch,
 A stalwart man and stern was he:
 "For a king to gang an Outlaw till
 Is beneath his state and his dignity.

"The man that wons¹ yon Forest intil,
 He lives by reif² and felony!
 Wherefore, braid on³, my sovereign liege!
 Wi' fire and sword we'll follow thee;
 Or gif your courtrie lords fa' back,
 Our Borderers shall the onset gi'e."

¹ dwells.

² robbery.

³ haste on.

Then out and spak' the noble king,
 And round him cast a wily e'e:
 "Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
 Nor speak of reif nor felony;
 For had every honest man his ain kye,
 A right puir clan thy name would be!"

The king then called a gentleman,
 Royal banner-bearer there was he,
 James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name,
 He cam' and knelt upon his knee.

"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!
 A message ye maun gang for me;
 Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
 Surely where bauldly bideth he.

"Bid him meet me at Penmanscore,
 And bring four in his company;
 Five earls shall come wi' mysel',
 Gude reason I should honoured be.

"And gif he refuses to do that,
 Bid him look for nae good o' me!
 There shall never a Murray, after him,
 Have land in Ettrick Forest free."

James cam' before the Outlaw keen,
 And served him in his ain degree:

"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!
 What message frae the king to me?"

"He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,
 And bring four in your company;
 Five earls shall gang himsel' before,
 Nae mair in number will he be.

"And gif you refuse to do that,
 (I freely here upgive^x wi' thee),
 He'll cast yon bonnie castle down,
 And make a widow o' that gay ladye.

^x deal, *lit.*
 deliver up.

"He'll loose yon bluidhound Borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will never a Murray, after thysel',
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said,
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me!
Wha reck not losing of mysel',
But a' my offspring after me.

"My merryman's lives, my widow's tears—
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straight in bluidy eard¹,
Yon castle will be right dreary.

¹ straight in
bloody earth.

"Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye shall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in company."

When that they cam' before the king,
They fell before him on their knee:
"Grant mercy, mercy, noble king!
E'en for His sake that died on tree."

"Siccan like mercy shall ye have:
On gallows ye shall hangit be!"

"Over God's forbode²," quoth the Outlaw then,

² forbidding.

"I hope your grace will better be!
Else ere ye come to Edinburgh port³,
I trow thin guarded shall ye be.

³ gate.

"These lands of Ettrick Forest fair,
I wan them from the enemy;

Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kings in Christentie."

All the nobles the king about
Said, "Pity it were to see him die."

"Yet grant me mercy, sovereign prince!
Extend your favour unto me!

"I'll give thee the keys of my castle,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriff of this Forest,
And a' my offspring after me."

"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castle,
Wi' the blessing o' thy gay ladye?
I'll make thee sheriff of Ettrick Forest
Surely while upwards grows the tree;
If you be not traitor to the king,
Forfaulted¹ shall thou never be."

¹ forfeited

"But, Prince, what shall come o' my men?
When I go back, traitor they'll ca' me.
I had rather lose my life and land
Ere my merry men rebuked me."

"Will your merry men amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I grant thee.
Now, name thy lands where'er they lie,
And here I render them to thee."

"Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiels, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

“And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lea and Hangingshaw;
I have mony steads in the Forest shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw.”

The keys of the castle he gave the king,
Wi’ the blessing o’ his fair ladye;
He was made sheriff of Ettrick Forest
Surely while upwards grows the tree;
And if he was na traitor to the king,
Forfaulted he should never be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Siccan an Outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour get before a king
As did the Outlaw Murray of the Forest free?

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

[There appears to be no great improbability in the suggestion of Kinloch that this ballad refers to the romantic circumstances of James the Fifth's marriage to Madeline, daughter of Francis I. James, it is well known, appeared suddenly in disguise among his own ambassadors, who had been sent to arrange a marriage for him with Marie, daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, when, dissatisfied with his proposed bride, he made an excuse to visit the court of Francis. There at a hunting party he met the fragile princess, when straightway she became so enamoured with him, and he with her, that nothing could part them, and a few months later they were married. The ballad is exactly such an account of these events as would approve itself to the popular mind at home. Versions of the ballad have been printed by Motherwell, Buchan, and Kinloch. The version of the last-named editor is that which here follows. It is almost identical with one in Buchan's *Gleanings*, and in two stall copies printed at Stirling.]

It fell upon a time when the proud king of France
 Went a hunting for five months and more,
 That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of
 Winesberry
 From Scotland newly come o'er.

When her father cam' hame frae hunting the deer,
 And his dochter before him cam',
 Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,
 And her fair colour was wan.

"What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet?
 What mak's thee to look sae wan?
 Ye've either been sick, and very, very sick,
 Or else ye ha'e lain wi' a man."

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father," she
says,

"Ye're welcome hame to your ain,
For I ha'e been sick, and very, very sick,
Thinking lang¹ for your coming hame.

¹ i.e. longing.

"O pardon, O pardon, dear father," she says,

"A pardon ye'll grant me."

"Nae pardon, nae pardon, my dochter," he says,

"Nae pardon I'll grant thee.

"O is it to a man of might,

Or to a man of mean?

Or is it to ony o' thae rank robbers

That I sent hame frae Spain?"*

"It is not to a man of micht,

Nor to a man of mean,

But it is to Thomas o' Winesberry,

And for him I suffer pain."

"If it be to Thomas o' Winesberry,

As I trust well it be,

Before I either eat or drink

High hangit shall he be."

When this bonnie boy was brought afore the king,

His claithing was o' the silk,

* The stall copies read—

"That lately from Scotland came."

His fine yellow hair hang dangling down,
And his skin was like the milk.*

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Lord Thomas," he says,
"My dochter fell in love wi' thee,
For if I were a woman, as I am a man,
My bed-fellow ye should be."

"Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,
To be heir to a' my land?
O will ye marry my dochter Janet
Wi' the truth o' your richt hand?"

"I will marry your dochter Janet,
Wi' the truth o' my richt hand;
I'll ha'e nane o' your gowd, nor yet o' your gear,
I've eneuch in fair Scotland.

"But I will marry your dochter Janet,
I carena for your land;
For she's be a queen, and I a king,
When we come to fair Scotland."

* Campbell MSS., printed by Child—

But when he cam' the king before,
He was clad o' the red silk;
His hair was like to threads o' gold,
And his skin was as white as milk.

It is of interest to note that the description of the hero of this ballad agrees almost word for word with the description of James V. left by the poet Ronsard, who accompanied James's queen from France, and was a servant at the Scottish court.

Ce Roy d'Escosse estoit en la fleur de ses ans;
Ses cheveux non tondues, comme fin or luisans,
Cordonnez et crespez, flottans dessus sa face,
Et, sur son cou de lait, luy donnoit bon grace.

THE
WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

[The author of this humorous ballad was Sir John Moffat, probably an ecclesiastic of the earlier part of the sixteenth century. In Bannatyne's MS. (1568) at anyrate, to which the preservation of the piece is owed, his name appears at the end of the ballad, though written in by a different hand. Of the author's personal history nothing is recorded. His title was probably no more than the usual prefix applied by courtesy to the names of churchmen in that age. He is known to have been also the writer of some moral stanzas (printed in Hailes's *Ancient Scottish Poems*)—"To Remember the End." Another early tale of the same tenor as "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," representing a husband and wife making interchanges of duties, with tragic results, is included from the *Silva Sermonum Jucundissimorum* in Laing's *Select Remains of the Popular Poetry of Scotland*; and a likeness will occur at once to most readers between the circumstances of the ballad and those of the well-known Scottish song of "John Grumlie."

The ballad was printed first in Herd's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, it also appeared with certain additions in one of Allan Ramsay's collections, and it has more recently been included by Aytoun and others. The version which follows is from the original copy in Bannatyne's MS. The archaic spelling, however, is not retained. The verses in brackets are from the traditional copy in Herd's collection.]

IN Auchtermuchty there dwelt a man,
An husband, as I heard it tald,
Wha weel could tippie out a can,
And neither lovit hunger nor could;
Till ance it fell upon a day,
He yokit his pleugh upon the plain,
Gif it be true as I heard say,
The day was foul for wind and rain.

He loosed the pleugh at the land's end,
 And drave his oxen hame at e'en;
 When he came in he lookit ben,
 And saw the wife baith dry and clean,
 And sitting at a fire beaking bauld,
 With a fat soup, as I heard say.
 The man being very weet and cauld,
 Between thir twa it was nae play.

Quoth he, "Where is my horses' corn?
 My ox has neither hay nor strae.
 Dame, ye maun to the pleugh the morn,
 I shall be hussy¹ gif I may.
 [This seed-time it proves cauld and bad,
 And ye sit warm, nae troubles see:
 The morn ye shall gae wi' the lad,
 And syne ye'll ken what drinkers dree²."]

¹ housewife.

² endure.

"Gudeman," quo' she, "content am I,
 To tak' the pleugh my day about,
 Sae ye will rule baith calves and kye,
 And all the house baith in and out.
 [And now, sin' ye have made the law,
 Then guide all right, and do not break;
 They sicker³ ride that ne'er did fa';
 Therefore let naething be neglect.]

³ secure.

"But sin' ye will hussy-skep ken⁴,
 First ye maun sift, and syne shall knead,
 And aye, as ye gang but and ben,
 Look that the bairns dirt not the bed.

⁴ since you will know house-wifery.

Ye'se lay a saft wisp to the kiln,
 (We have a dear farm on our head);
 And aye, as ye gang forth and in,
 Keep weel the gaislings frae the gled¹."

¹ hawk.

The wife was up richt late at e'en—
 I pray God give her ill to fare!
 She kirked the kirk², and skimmed it clean,
 Left the gudeman but the bledoch³ bare.
 Then in the morning up she gat,
 And on her heart laid her disjune⁴,
 And put as meikle in her lap
 As micht have fared them baith at noon.

² churned the churn.

³ buttermilk.

⁴ breakfast.

Says, "Jock, will thou be maister of wark,
 And thou shall haud and I shall ca'⁵?
 I'se promise thee a gude new sark,
 Either of round claith or of sma'."
 She lousit oxen aucht or nine,
 And hint⁶ a gad-staff in her hand,
 Up the gudeman raise after, syne,
 And saw the wife had done command.

⁵ thou shalt hold and I shall drive.

⁶ seized.

He ca'd the gaislings forth to feed,
 There were but sevensum of them a',
 And by there comes the greedy gled,
 And licked up five, left him but twa.
 Then out he ran in all his main,
 How soon he heard the gaislings cry;
 But then, or he came in again,
 The calves brak' loose and sucked the kye.

- ¹ lane. The calves and kye met in the loan¹;
² a stave to The man ran wi' a rung to red²;
 separate.
 Then by comes an ill-willy cow,
 And prodded his buttock till that it bled.
³ distaff. Then hame he ran to a rok³ of tow,
 And he sat down to 'say the spinning;
⁴ stooped too near I trow he loutit ower near the low⁴;
 the flame.
 Quo' he, "This wark has ill beginning."

⁵ flame.
⁶ chimney.
⁷ scared.
⁸ poll. [The leam⁵ up through the lum⁶ did flow;
 The soot took fire, it fleyed⁷ him then;
 Some lumps did fa' and burn his pow⁸;
 I wat he was a dirty man.
 Yet he gat water in a pan,
⁹ slaked. Wherewith he slockened⁹ out the fire;
¹⁰ sweep. To soup¹⁰ the house he syne began,
 To hald all right was his desire.]

¹¹ rush. Then to the kirn that he did stour¹¹,
 And jumbled at it till he swat;
 When he had jumblit a full lang hour,
 The sorrow crap of butter he gat.
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Yet he was cumbered wi' the kirn;
 And syne he het the milk ower het,
¹² coagulate. That sorrow spark of it wad yearn¹².

¹³ accorded. Then ben there came a greedy sow;
 I trow he cunn'd¹³ her little thank;
 For in she shot her meikle mou',
 And aye she winkit, and she drank.

He cleekit¹ up a crookit club
And thocht to reach the sow a rout²—
The twa gaislings the gled had left,
That strake dagg baith their harns out³.

¹ snatched.

² blow.

³ knocked the
brains of both
out.

Then he bore kindling to the kiln,
But she start up all in a low,
Whatever he heard, whatever he saw,
That day he had nae will to mow⁴.
Then he gaed to tak' up the bairns,
Thocht to have found them fair and clean;
The first that he gat in his arms
Was a' bedirten to the een.

⁴ play.

The first that he gat in his arms,
It was all dirt up to the een;
"The deil cut aff their hands," quoth he,
"That filled you all sae fu' yestreen!"
He trailed the foul sheets down the gate⁵,
Thocht to have washed them on a stane;
The burn was risen great of spate⁶,
Away frae him the sheets has ta'en.

⁵ road.

⁶ flood.

Then up he gat on a knowe-head,
On her to cry, on her to shout,
She heard him, and she heard him not,
But stoutly steered the stots about.
She drave the day unto the nicht,
She lowsed the pleugh and syne cam' hame:
She found all wrang that should been richt,
I trow the man thocht richt great shame.

Quoth he, "Thy office I forsake
For all the days of my life,
For I would put a house to wreck
Had I been twenty days gudewife."

¹ enjoy.

Quoth she, "Weel may ye brook¹ the place,
For truly I will ne'er accept it."
Quoth he, "Fiend fa' the liar's face!
But yet ye may be blyth to get it."

Then up she gat a meikle rung,
And the gudeman made to the door;
Quoth he, "Dame, I shall haud my tongue,
For an we fecht I'll get the waur."
Quoth he, "When I forsook my pleugh
I trow I but forsook my skill;
Then I will to my pleugh again,
For I and this house will never do well."

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

[This pathetic ballad was included in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*. A modernised version appeared in Johnson's *Scotts Musical Museum*. It may refer to some incident of the middle of the seventeenth century, when Charles II. was an exile at the Hague; but more likely it belongs to an earlier period, when Scottish knights, in times of peace at home, were accustomed as soldiers of fortune to carry their swords and followers to the wars in the Low Countries.]

“My love has built a bonnie ship, and set her on
the sea,
With seven score good mariners to bear him com-
pany.
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead
at sea;
And the Lowlands of Holland has twined my love
and me.

“My love he built another ship, and set her on the
main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her
hame.
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea
began to rout,
My love then and his bonnie ship turned wither-
shins[†] about.

[†] in contrary
direction.

"There shall neither coif come on my head, nor
comb come in my hair;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light shine in
my bower mair;
Nor will I love another one until the day I die,
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drowned
in the sea."

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear! Be still
and be content.
There are mair lads in Galloway: ye needna sair
lament."
"O there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a'
for me;
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drowned
in the sea."

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

[In 1529, James V., following out his determination, like his ancestor, James I., to make "the bush keep the cow" in Scotland, made a famous raid upon the Borders. Locking up the Border chieftains in Edinburgh, by way of first precaution, he made a sudden descent upon Ettrick Forest, and dealt swift execution upon several of the most noted freebooters there. Cockburn of Henderland, the ruins of whose tower may yet be seen on the Meggat Water which flows into St. Mary's Loch, was the first to be made an example of. Tradition has it that James surprised the borderer at dinner, and hanged him forthwith over his own tower gate. In a rocky chasm, the Dowglen close by, a "Lady's Seat" is still pointed out as the spot to which Cockburn's wife fled to drown amid the roar of the cataract the shouts which greeted her husband's doom; and in the deserted burial-place near the castle may be seen a broken tombstone with armorial bearings and the inscription "Here lyes Perys of Cockburne and his wyfe Marjorie," which Scott believed to be the memorial of the tragedy. Unfortunately for the tradition, however, Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials* show that Cockburn was not hanged here, but was carried to Edinburgh and duly tried before execution. His name, further, appears to have been not Percy or Pierce, but William Cockburn. These facts, nevertheless, do not in any way compromise the tradition that "The Lament of the Border Widow" refers to the wife of the freebooter executed in 1529. As for the hypothesis of Motherwell, which receives the support of so high an authority as Professor Child, that the Lament is merely a fragment of the English ballad "The Famous Flower of Servingmen," there is no ground for it but that some nine lines of the Lament have been included in the English ballad, where they have been rather awkwardly tacked on to form quite a redundant preface. The lines appropriated are entirely at variance with the actual pleasant *dénouement* of the English story, which has nothing whatever in common with the passionate and utter grief which breathes in "The Lament of the Border Widow."

The ballad was obtained by Scott from recitation in Ettrick Forest, and no better version has since been discovered. A Highland lament, "O Hone a Rie," printed in Johnson's *Museum*, which Dr. Blacklock informed Burns was composed on the Massacre of Glencoe, contains three or four lines of the Border ballad.]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
 And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
 A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
 Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
 He spied his sport, and went away;
 And brought the king that very night,
 Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

¹ poulded, legally
 attached.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
 He slew my knight, and poun'd¹ his gear.
 My servants all for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
 I watched the corpse, myself alane;
 I watched his body night and day;
 No living creature came that way.

² covered.

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
 I digged a grave, and laid him in,
 And happed² him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
 When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
 O think na ye my heart was wae
 When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lovely knight is slain.
 Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
 I'll chain my heart for evermair.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRANG.

[After surprising Henderland Tower, as related in the introductory note to "The Border Widow," James V. marched rapidly through the hills by a path still known as the King's Road, to deal summary justice upon Adam Scott of Tushielaw, known as the King of the Border. He was next making for Gilnockie, near Langholm, the residence of a still more famous freebooter, Johnnie Armstrong, who was wont to levy blackmail throughout all the neighbouring counties, and whose name was a terror almost as far as Newcastle, when, at Caerlanrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, he was met by the Borderer himself at the head of thirty-six horsemen, arrayed in the full pomp of chivalry. Armstrong hoped by this appearance to win the favour of the king, but James, looking sternly on him, said to those at hand, "What wants yonder knave that a king should have?" and ordered the Borderer and his followers to instant execution. Armstrong, says the historian Pittscottie, who narrates the episode almost in the same words as the ballad, made great offers to the king for his life. He would sustain himself, he said, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at the king's service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scot, or let the king name any English subject, duke, earl, or baron, and within a certain day he should be brought to His Majesty either quick or dead. At last, seeing no hope of favour, he said bitterly and very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face." And he added, "Had I known this I should have lived upon the Borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day." Armstrong and his men were hanged by the high-road upon growing trees which, according to tradition, to manifest the injustice of the execution, presently withered away. One of his followers, it is said, broke through the king's guard, and carried home to Gilnockie Tower tidings of the dire catastrophe.

"John Armistrangis Dance" is one of the popular tunes mentioned in *The Complaynte of Scotland* (1549). The present version of the ballad is that of Scott's *Minstrelsy*.]

SOME speak of lords, some speak of lairds,
 And sic-like men of high degree;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Some time called Laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a loving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,
To come and speak with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene,
They were a gallant company:
"We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

* rabbits.

"Make kinnen^{*} and capon ready, then,
And venison in great plenty;
We'll welcome here our royal king;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!"

'They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,
And brak' their spears wi' meikle main;
The ladies lookit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel hame again!"

When Johnnie cam' before the king,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him:
He weened he was a king as weel as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnnie Armstrang,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
 And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee;
 Full four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
 Were a' foaled in ae year to me.

"I'll gi'e thee a' these milk-white steeds
 That prance and nicher¹ at a spear,
 And as meikle gude English gilt²
 As four o' their braid backs dow bear³."

¹ neigh.² gold.³ can bear.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
 Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
 I granted never a traitor's life,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
 And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee;
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang through a' the year to me.

"These four-and-twenty mills complete
 Shall gang for thee through a' the year,
 And as meikle of gude red wheat
 As a' their happers dow to bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
 Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
 I granted never a traitor's life,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
 And a great gift I'll gi'e to thee;
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons
 Shall for thee fecht⁴, though a' should flee."

⁴ fight.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a brave gift I'll gi'e to thee;
All between here and Newcastle town
Shall pay their yearly rent to thee."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I granted never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,
"Although a king and prince ye be!
For I've loved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty."

"Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer;
But England should have found me meal and malt
Gif I had lived this hundred year."

"She should have found me meal and malt,
And beef and mutton in a' plenty;
But never a Scots wife could have said
That e'er I skaith'd^{*} her a puir flea."

^{*} damaged.

"To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folly:
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me."

"But had I kenn'd, ere I cam' frae hame,
 How thou unkind wouldst been to me,
 I wad ha'e keepit the Borderside,
 In spite of all thy force and thee.

"Wist England's king that I was ta'en,
 Oh, gin a blythe man he would be!
 For ance I slew his sister's son,
 And on his breast-bane brak' a tree."

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Embroidered o'er wi' burning gold,
 Bespangled wi' the same metal,
 Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats¹ at Johnnie's hat,
 And ilk ane worth three hundred pound:
 "What wants that knave that a king should have,
 But the sword of honour and the crown?"

"O, where got thou these targats, Johnnie,
 That blink sae brawly² aboon thy brie?"
 "I gat them in the field fechtin,
 Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

"Had I my horse and harness gude,
 And riding as I wont to be,
 It should have been tauld this hundred year,
 The meeting of my king and me!

"God be with thee, Kirsty³, my brother,
 Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
 Lang may'st thou live on the Borderside
 Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

¹ tassels.² glance so bravely.³ Christopher.

“And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But, an thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

“Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock Hall,
Where on Eskside thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I would ha'e gilt thee round about.”

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant company;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die;

Because they saved their country dear
Frae Englishmen. Nane were sae bauld.
While Johnnie lived on the Borderside,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

OUR GUDEMAN.

[This humorous ballad has been taken to refer to the adventure of a Jacobite in hiding after the Rebellion of 1715 or 1745. Its date, however, is probably much earlier, the circumstances of the piece having no doubt been attributed by reciters of successive periods to the most recent event of war which would afford occasion for flight and concealment. The ballad was first printed in 1776 in Herd's collection, and it was reproduced by Aytoun in his *Ballads of Scotland*.]

OUR gudeman came hame at e'en,
 And hame came he;
 And there he saw a saddle-horse
 Where nae horse should be.

"O how came this horse here?
 How can this be?
 How came this horse here
 Without the leave o' me?"

"A horse!" quo' she:

"Ay, a horse," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind dotard carl,
 Blind mat¹ ye be!

¹ may, must.

'Tis naething but a bonnie milk cow
 My minnie² sent to me."

² mother.

"A bonnie milk cow!" quo' he:

"Ay, a milk cow," quo' she.

"Far ha'e I ridden
And meikle ha'e I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;
He spied a pair of jack-boots
Where nae boots should be.

"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How came these boots here
Without the leave o' me?"

"Boots!" quo' she:

"Ay, boots," quo' he.

"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat ye see!

* buckets.

It's but a pair of water-stoups^{*}
The cooper sent to me."

"Water-stoups!" quo' he:

"Ay, water-stoups," quo' she.

"Far ha'e I ridden,
And far'er ha'e I gane,
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;
And there he saw a sword
Where a sword shouldna be.

"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
O how came this sword here
Without the leave o' me?"

"A sword!" quo' she:
"Ay, a sword," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat you see!
It's but a parridge spurtle¹
My minnie sent to me."

¹ stick for
stirring.

"Weel, far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen,
But siller-handed spurtles
Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;
There he spied a powdered wig
Where nae wig should be.

"What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How came this wig here
Without the leave o' me?"

"A wig!" quo' she:
"Ay, a wig," quo' he.
"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat you see!
'Tis naething but a clockin' hen
My minnie sent to me."

"Clockin' hen!" quo' he:

"Ay, clockin' hen," quo' she.

"Far ha'e I ridden,

And meikle ha'e I seen;

But powder on a clockin' hen

Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

And there he saw a meikle coat

Where nae coat should be.

"O how came this coat here?

How can this be?

How came this coat here

Without the leave o' me?"

"A coat!" quo' she:

"Ay, a coat," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind dotard carl,

Blind mat ye be!

It's but a pair of blankets

My minnie sent to me."

"Blankets!" quo' he:

"Ay, blankets," quo' she.

"Far ha'e I ridden,

And meikle ha'e I seen;

But buttons upon blankets

Saw I never nane."

Ben went our gudeman,
And ben went he ;
And there he spied a sturdy man
Where nae man should be.

"How came this man here?
How can this be?
How came this man here
Without the leave o' me?"

"A man!" quo' she :
"Ay, a man," quo' he.
"Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be !
It's a new milking-maid
My mither sent to me."

"A maid!" quo' he :
"Ay, a maid," quo' she.
"Far ha'e I ridden,
And meikle ha'e I seen ;
But lang-bearded maidens
Saw I never nane."

FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

[The romantic story which forms the subject of this ballad was first recorded in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland* (vol. ii., p. 101). It also appears in Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account*, in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and in Scott's *Minstrelsy*. The tradition of the locality to the present day runs that Helen Irving, daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel in Annandale, about the latter end of the reign of James V., was beloved by two gentlemen, Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, whom she herself favoured, and another, said to have been Bell of Blacket House, who was encouraged by her friends. Helen and her lover were driven to meet in secret, and upon one occasion, while they walked on the banks of the Kirtle, the jealous and rejected suitor suddenly appeared on the further bank of the stream and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen had but time to throw herself before her lover, when the piece went off, and she, receiving the bullet in her bosom, dropped and died in his arms. A thorn tree in the sequestered dell is still pointed out as the spot where she fell. Adam Fleming, after executing the summary vengeance narrated in the ballad, proceeded, it is said, to the wars in Spain. Returning later, he visited the grave of his mistress, and there, according to tradition, overcome by his grief, he stretched himself on the spot and forthwith expired. The grave of the lovers may still be seen in the churchyard of Kirkconnel, near Springkell, and upon the stone, marked with a sword and cross to show that he had fought against the Infidel, may be read "Hic jacet Adamus Fleming."

Versions of the ballad have been printed, among others, by Ritson and Jamieson; but the best is that included by Scott, which here follows.]

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries.
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnel Lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd^r Helen dropt, ^r maid, lady.
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak' nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnel Lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

EDOM O' GORDON.

[Adam Gordon, brother of the Earl of Huntly, had been the acting deputy-lieutenant of Queen Mary and the Catholic party in the north of Scotland. On account of Gordon's activity the Master of Forbes was commissioned by the Regent, as head of the Protestant party, to take measures for his suppression. In the first conflict, however, on the 9th October, 1571, at Tulliangus, Forbes was defeated, with the loss of 120 persons; and at Crabstane, on the 20th November, he again suffered severely. The incident of the ballad took place during these hostilities, and is variously told by Spottiswoode and others. Whether Gordon himself, or his lieutenant, Captain Ker, was personally responsible for the burning remains uncertain. It is known, however, that the house of Tavoy, in Aberdeenshire, belonging to John Forbes, was summoned by the Gordons to yield, and, upon the lady's indignant refusal to give it up without direction from her husband, fire was put to it, and she and her children and servants, twenty-seven persons in all, were burnt within. The deed cast a lasting stain on Gordon's name, notwithstanding many chivalrous and merciful acts done by him both before and after the occurrence in the faction wars of the time.]

The lady burnt was Margaret Campbell, daughter of the Laird of Cawdor. She was the second wife of Forbes, and after her death, far from following the heroic action described in the ballad, he married for his third wife a daughter of Forbes of Reires. The house of Rhodes, mentioned in the earliest version of the ballad, stood a mile south of Dunse in Berwickshire; and the Gordons were anciently seated in that neighbourhood. A version in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* makes it Loudon Castle that was burnt. These, however, are errors of tradition, refuted with very complete documentary evidence by Professor Child in his preface to the ballad in *English and Scottish Ballads*.

The version here followed is the earliest, that printed by Robert & Andrew Foulis, Glasgow, in 1755, from a copy furnished by Sir David Dalrymple, as preserved in the memory of a lady. The same copy, with improvements and enlargements from MS. copies, was inserted by Percy in his *Reliques*.]

It fell about the Martinmas,

When the wind blew shrill and cauld,

Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,

"We maun draw to a hald.

“And whatna hald shall we draw to,
 My merry men and me?
 We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,
 To see that fair lady.”

¹ dressed,
 arrayed.

She had nae sooner buskit¹ hersel',
 Nor putten on her gown,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the town².

² stending.

They had nae sooner sitten down,
 Or sooner said the grace,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were closed about the place.

³ endure.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
 As fast as she could dree³,
 To see if, by her fair speeches,
 She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair,
 And her yetts all lockit fast,
 He fell into a rage of wrath,
 And his heart was aghast.

“Come down to me, ye lady fair!
 Come down to me! let's see:
 This night ye'se lie by my ain side,
 The morn my bride shall be.”

"I winna come down, ye false Gordon!
I winna come down to thee!
I winna forsake my ain dear lord
That is sae far from me."

"Gi'e up your house, ye fair lady!
Gi'e up your house to me;
Or I shall burn yoursel' therein,
Bot and your babies three."

"I winna gi'e up, ye false Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
Though you should burn mysel' therein,
Bot and my babies three!"

"Set fire to the house!" quoth false Gordon,
"Since better may na be;
And I will burn hersel' therein,
Bot and her babies three."

Out then spake the Lady Margaret,
As she stood on the stair;
The fire was at her gowd garters,
The lowe was at her hair.*

"Wae worth, wae worth ye^r, Jock, my man! * Woe be to you.
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out my grund-wa'-stane,
Lets in the reek to me?"

* This verse is included from the copy in *The New Statistical Account*.

“And e’en wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
 I paid ye weel your hire ;
 Why pu’ ye out my grund-wa’-stane,
 To me lets in the fire?”

“Ye paid me weel my hire, lady,
 Ye paid me weel my fee ;
 But now I’m Edom o’ Gordon’s man,
 Maun either do or dee.”

Out then bespake her youngest son,
 Sat on the nurse’s knee ;
 “Dear mither, gi’e ower your house,” he says,
 “For the reek¹ it worries me.”

¹ smoke.

“But I winna gi’e up my house, my dear,
 To nae sic traitor as he !
 Come weal, come wae, my jewels fair,
 Ye maun tak’ share wi’ me.”

Out then bespake her daughter dear,
 She was baith jimp and sma’² ;
 “Oh, row me in a pair o’ sheets,
 And tow³ me ower the wa’.”

² dainty and
 slender.

³ toss.

They row’d her in a pair of sheets,
 And tow’d her ower the wa’ ;
 But on the point of Edom’s spear
 She gat a deadly fa’.

O, bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her ower,
O, gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

He turned her ower and ower again,
O, gin her skin was white!
He said, "I might ha'e spared thy life
To ha'e been some man's delight!

"Busk and boun¹, my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass!"

¹ make ready.

"Wha looks to freits², my master dear,
Then freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted with a dame."

² omens.

O, then he spied her ain dear lord,
As he came ower the lea;
He saw his castle in a fire
As far as he could see.

“Put on, put on, my mighty men,
As fast as ye can dree;
For he that's hindmost of my men
Shall ne'er get gude o' me!”

And some they rade, and some they ran,
Full fast out ower the plain;
But lang, lang ere he could get up,
They were a' dead and slain.

¹ mole-catchers.

But mony were the mudie-men¹
Lay gasping on the green;
For o' fifty men that Edom brought out
There were but five gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie-men
Lay gasping on the green;
And mony were the fair ladies
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round and round the wa's he went,
Their ashes for to view;
At last into the flames he flew,
And bade the world adieu.

JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

[This ballad affords perhaps the most spirited description extant of one of the cattle-lifting raids frequent upon the Scottish and English Borders during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and of its swift retribution. The vestiges of the old tower of Dodhead are still to be seen near Singler, in Selkirkshire, and a family of Telfers residing near Langholm so late as Scott's time averred their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead. The ruin of Stob Hall, the ancient seat of the Elliots, is still to be seen on the road between Morebattle and Yetholm; and Branksome, near Hawick, was the chief seat, in those times, of the Lairds of Buccleuch. From Glenriddel's notes to "The Fray of Suport" it appears that the office of Captain of Bewcastle on the Middle Marches of England was held by the chief of the Nixons. And the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy* presumes that the Willie Scott of the ballad must have been a natural son of Buccleuch. He also suggests that an article in the list of attempts upon England, in October, 1582, fabled by the commissioners at Berwick in 1587, may relate to the subject of the ballad:—"Thomas Musgrave, deputy of Bewcastle, and the tenants, against Walter Scott, Laird of Buckluth, and his complices, for 200 kine and oxen, 300 gait and sheep."—*History of Westmorland and Cumberland*, p. xxxi.

Scott's version of the ballad is that generally accepted and the one here followed, though he avers that there existed another ballad, similar to this in most respects, which attributed the honour of rescuing the cattle to the Elliots of Liddesdale.]

It fell about the Martinmastide,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ride,
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

"What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"

"Nae tidings, nae tidings, I ha'e to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's calf I'll let thee see."

And when they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam' the peel;
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And ranshacked¹ the house right weel.

¹ ransacked.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the Captain to ha'e his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The Captain turned him round and leugh;
Said, "Man, there's naething in thy house
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now would fell a mouse."

² sprinkling.

The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming² of a new-fa'en snaw,
Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stob's Ha',

And when he cam' to the fair tower yett,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak' auld Gibby Elliot,
"Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

"Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
 For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
 For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
 I wat the tear blinded his e'e,
 "I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
 And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!"

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
 My lord may grip my vassal lands,
 For there again maun I never be!"

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
 E'en as fast as he could dree,
 Till he cam' to the Coultart Cleugh¹,
 And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

¹ crag, precipice.

Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve,
 "Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"
 "It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
 But a greeting² wife and bairnies three,
 And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',
 A' routing loud for their minnie.³"

² weeping.

³ bellowing for
 their dam.

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
 "Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
 For I was married on the elder sister,
 And you on the youngest of a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonnie black,
 Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
 And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
 To the Catslockhill to tak' the fray.

And when he cam' to the Catslockhill,
 He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,

¹ i.e. Walter, son
 of William.

Till out and spak' him William's Wat¹,
 "O wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I think I be!
 The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
 For God's sake rise, and succour me!"

"Alas for wae!" quoth William's Wat,
 "Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
 I never cam' by the fair Dodhead
 That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
 Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
 And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
 To Branksome Ha' to tak' the fray.

And when they cam' to Branksome Ha',
 They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
 Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,
 Said, "Wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be!
 There's naught left in the fair Dodhead,
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the guid auld lord,

"And ever my heart is wae for thee!

But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,

And see that he come to me speedily!

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,

Gar warn it sune and hastily!

They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,

Let them never look in the face o' me!

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,

Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;

Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,

And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsides.

"Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,

And warn the Currors o' the Lea;

As ye come down the Hermitage Slack¹,

Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."

¹ gap.

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,

Sae starkly and sae steadily!

And aye the ower-word o' the thrang

Was, "Rise for Branksome readily!"

The gear was driven the Frostylea up,

Frae the Frostylea unto the plain,

When Willie has looked his men before,

And saw the kye right fast driving.

"Wha drives thir kye?" 'gan Willie say,

"To make an outspeckle² o' me?"

² laughing-stock.

"It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;

I winna layne³ my name for thee."

³ conceal.

"O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
 Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
 Or by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,
 "I'se ware¹ my dame's calfskin on thee!"

¹ expend.

"I winna let the kye gae back,
 Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
 In spite of every Scott that's here."

"Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie then;
 "Fye, lads, set on them cruelly!
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,
 Mony a toom² saddle there sall be!"

² empty.

Then til't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
 The blows fell fast as bickering³ hail;
 And mony a horse ran masterless,
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.

³ rattling.

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
 And through the knapsack⁴ the sword has gane;
 And Harden grat for very rage
 When Willie on the grund lay slane.

⁴ headpiece.

But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
 And thrice he's waved it in the air;
 The Dinlay* snaw was ne'er mair white
 Nor the lyart⁵ locks of Harden's hair.

⁵ grey.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;
 "Fye, lads, lay on them cruelly!
 We'll ne'er see Teviotside again,
 Or Willie's death revenged sall be."

* A mountain in Liddesdale.

O mony a horse ran masterless,
 The splintered lances flew on hie;
 But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
 The Scotts had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slane,
 And John o' Barlow, as I hear say;
 And thirty mae o' the Captain's men
 Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
 And broken was his right leg bane;
 If he had lived this hundred years,
 He had never been loved by woman again.

"Ha'e back the kye!" the Captain said;
 "Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
 For gin I suld live a hundred years,
 There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gone to the Captain's bride,
 Even in the bower where that she lay,
 That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
 Since into Tividale he had led the way.

"I wad lourd¹ have had a winding-sheet,
 And helped to put it ower his head,
 Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott,
 When he ower Liddel his men did lead!"

¹ liefer, rather.

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
 His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs²,
 Cried, "On for his house in Stanegirthside,
 If ony man will ride with us!"

² Madspurs.

When they cam' to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin:
"Wha dare loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he."

When they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd and white money;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.

KINMONT WILLIE.

[The event celebrated in this ballad was one of the last, as it was one of the most gallant, achievements on the Borders. The Wardens of the West Marches, at the time of the occurrence, were Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch and Lord Scroope, on the Scottish and English side respectively. On a day of 1596 their deputies, Scott of Haining, and a gentleman of the name of Salkeld, met to arrange Border matters, at Kershope, a burn which divides Liddesdale from Bewcastle. After the meeting, and while the day's truce still lasted, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a moss-trooper renowned for strength and stature, while returning peacefully home with some three or four of a following, was suddenly pursued by about 200 of the English, made prisoner, and carried to Carlisle Castle. Buccleuch, enraged at the lawless act against a member of his clan, wrote to Lord Scroope demanding redress, and receiving no reply, swore he would rescue Kinmont Willie with his own hand despite Lord Scroope and all the English garrison. Accordingly on the night of 13th April he assembled two hundred picked men with ladders and prison-breaking implements at Morton Tower in the Debateable Land, ten miles from Carlisle, and favoured by a pitchy night and torrents of rain, rode unperceived to the walls of the citadel. Here, undiscovered, they heard the challenge of the English sentinels walking overhead. Presently, finding the ladders too short, they found a postern, broke in, and aware, by means of a woman sent the day before, of the exact location of the prisoner, made their way to him, and carried him off without shedding a drop of blood, while Lord Scroope, believing that five hundred Scots were in possession of the place, kept close in his own room. As he was carried under the Warden's window Armstrong, it is said, roared out a lusty "good-night" to his lordship.

For this exploit, after some weak temporizing on the part of the Scottish king, Buccleuch was delivered up by James VI. to Queen Elizabeth. Upon her asking him how he dared do such a thing, "Dare, madam," he replied, "what would a man not dare to do?" The queen, it is said, frowned, smiled, and set the bold Border chieftain free.

The only known version of the ballad is that in the *Border Minstrelsy*.

"Jock o' the Side," and "Archie of Ca'field," are ballads on similar prison-breaking exploits, without the advantage of exact known historic basis.]

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his company.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostellerie,
But I paid my lawing¹ before I gaed."

¹ reckoning.

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
 He gar'd the red wine spring on hie—
 "Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
 "But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch¹? 1 coif.
 Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
 Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lightly me?² 2 set light by me.

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Against the truce of Border tide?
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Withouten either dread or fear?
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
 As well I wot that there is none,
 I would slight Carlisle castle high,
 Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castle in a lowe,
 And sloken³ it with English blood: 3 slake.
 There's never a man in Cumberland,
 Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

“But since nae war’s between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be ;
I’ll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed ‘shall be !”

He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld¹,
And gloves of green, and feathers blue.

¹ armour on
shoulder.

There were five and five before them a’,
Wi’ hunting-horns and bugles bright :
And five and five came wi’ Buccleuch,
Like warden’s men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five, like broken men ;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o’ men that we met wi’,
Wha should it be but fause Sakelde?

“Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?”
Quo’ fause Sakelde ; “come tell to me !”
“We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.”

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"

Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,

Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,

Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"

"We gang to herry a corbie's nest¹,

That wons² not far frae Woodhouselee."

¹ to harry a
crow's nest.

² dwells.

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"

Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"

Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,

And the never a word of lear³ had he.

³ learning.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?

Row-footed⁴ outlaws, stand!" quo' he;

The never a word had Dickie to say,

Sae he thrust the lance through his fause body.

⁴ footed for death
on the wheel.
Equiv. to
"gallows-
faced."

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,

And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;

The water was great and meikle of spait,

But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,

The wind was rising loud and hie;

And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,

For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank

The wind began full loud to blaw;

But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,

When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
 Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
 And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
 To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
 He flung him down upon the lead—
 "Had there not been peace between our lands,
 Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
 "Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrily!"
 Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
 "*O wha daur meddle wi' me?*"*

Then speedily to wark we gaed,
 And raised the slogan¹ ane and a',
 And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
 And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
 Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a steer².

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
 We gar'd the bars bang merrily,
 Until we cam' to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

* A Border tune.

"O I sleep saft¹, and I wake aft;
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd² frae me!
 Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that speir for me."

¹ lightly.² frightened.

Then Red Rowan has hent³ him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

³ taken.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;
 "I'll pay you for my lodging mail⁴,
 When first we meet on the Borderside."

⁴ rent.

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang;
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I have ridden horse baith wild and wud;
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've prick'd a horse out ower the furs⁵;
 But since the day I backed a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

⁵ furrows.

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men on horse and foot,
 Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
“If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!”

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trow his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

“He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.”

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

[No fewer than sixteen versions of this famous ballad are printed by Professor Child in his recent edition of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Of these the earliest was communicated to Percy by Principal Robertson of Edinburgh before 1765, and the latest was got from the recitation of William Welsh, a Peeblesshire cottar, and contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in June, 1890, by Professor Veitch. Of them all, however, none is finer and none is more true to the general tenor of all the versions than that printed by Scott from versions and fragments obtained in the neighbourhood of Yarrow itself by James Hogg and William Laidlaw. It is the copy in the *Border Minstrelsy*, accordingly, which is here followed.

According to Hogg, when forwarding his copy, "the hero of the ballad is said to have been of the name of Scott. He lived in Ettrick, some say at Oakwood, others Kirkhope; but was treacherously slain by his brother-in-law, as related in the ballad, who had him at ill-will because his father had parted with the half of all his goods and gear to his sister on her marriage with so respectable a man." From this information, and a passage in Nisbet's *Heraldry*, Scott drew the conclusion that the ballad referred to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan Street near Yarrow Kirk is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain. Professor Child, however, brings a new light to bear on the subject from M. T. Craig-Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*. By this it appears that the slain Walter Scott of the duel was not the brother-in-law of John Scott, his wife being a daughter of Sir Patrick Porteous. In the records of the Presbytery of Selkirk, moreover, it is recorded that in 1616 Walter Scott of Tushielaw made "an informal and inordinat marriage with Grizel Scott of Thirlestane without consent of her father." Three months after the elopement the same records contain entry of a summons to Simeon Scott of Bonytoun, an adherent of Thirlestane, and three other Scotts "to compear in Melrose to hear themselves excommunicat for the horrible slaughter of Walter Scott" (of Tushielaw). Here, it would at last appear, is the true subject of the ballad, agreeing not only with tradition, but with the narrative of the unknown poet.

It need hardly be said here that the stones standing on Annan Street, or Annan's Treat, in Yarrow, do not refer to the ballad incident, but belong to the events of an earlier warfare.

The ballad is believed to have suggested to Hamilton of Bangour his beautiful poem beginning "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride."]

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,

¹ reckoning.

And ere they paid the lawing¹.

They set a combat them between,

² dawn.

To fight it in the dawning².

"O stay at hame, my noble lord,

³ match, mate.

O stay at hame, my marrow³!

My cruel brother will you betray

⁴ doleful holms.

On the dowie houms⁴ of Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my lady gay!

O fare ye weel, my Sarah!

For I maun gae, though I ne'er return

Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,

As oft she had done before, O;

She belted him with his noble brand,

And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,

I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,

Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,

On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,

The bonnie Forest thorough?

Or come ye here to wield your brand,

On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow ;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see, all, ye're nine to ane ;
And that's an unequal marrow ;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame," good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu'¹ lord,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

¹ lawful.

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream ;
I fear there will be sorrow !
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

"But in the glen strive armed men ;
They've wrought me dule and sorrow ;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain ;
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dule and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kissed them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear !
For a' this breeds but sorrow ;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear !
Ye mind me but of sorrow ;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

[This ballad, which is still a very popular song in Scotland, does not, as is generally supposed, refer to an incident of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. Lord Ogilvie and his wife, of that day, were, it is true, amongst the strongest supporters of Charles Edward; but the circumstances narrated in the ballad occurred more than a hundred years earlier, the Charlie of the verses was King Charles the First, and the "fause Argyle" referred to was Gillespie Grumach, or, as he is called in some versions of the ballad, the "gleyed Argyle," the great supporter of the Covenant, and subsequently the enemy of Montrose.

On June 12, 1640, the Earl of Argyle was commissioned by the Committee of Estates to proceed with fire and sword against certain "enemies to religion" who had not signed the Covenant. This commission Argyle interpreted liberally for the destruction of many whom he considered unfriendly to himself, and among others who suffered was the Earl of Airlie. This nobleman had himself escaped to England, but his house was in the keeping of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvie, when it and Forthar, another seat of the family, were taken, pillaged, and burned by Argyle. Lady Ogilvie, it is said, was near her confinement at the time, and begged for delay upon that account. This, however, was not granted, and she was turned out remorselessly.

Versions of the ballad have been printed by Sharpe and Kinloch in their respective collections. That which here follows is from a modern broadside printed in Glasgow, and contains some dramatic additional stanzas.]

It fell upon a day, a bonnie summer day,
When the clans were a' wi' Charlie,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle had raised a hundred o' his men,
To come in the morning early,
And he has gane down by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looked frae her high castle wa',
And O but she sighed sairly,
To see Argyle and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come doon, come doon, Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"Come doon and kiss me fairly,
Or, ere the morning clear daylight,
I'll no' leave a standing stane in Airlie."

"I wadna come doon, proud Argyle," she cried,
"I wadna kiss thee fairly;
I wadna come doon, thou fause lord," she cried,
"Though ye leave na a standing stane in Airlie!"

"But were my ain gude lord at hame,
As this night he's wi' Charlie,
The false Argyle and a' his men
Durstna enter the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"O I ha'e borne him seven bonnie sons,
The last ne'er saw his daddie,
And gin I had as mony o'er again,
They'd a' be men to Charlie."

Argyle in a rage attacked the bonnie ha',
And his men to the plundering fairly,
And tears though he saw like dewdraps fa',
In a lowe he set the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"What lowe is yon?" quo' the gude Lochiel,
"That rises this morning sae early."
"By the God o' my kin," cried the young Ogilvie,
"It's my ain bonnie hame o' Airlie."

"It's na my bonnie hame nor my lands a' reft
That grieves my heart sae sairly,
It's for my winsome dame, and the sweet bairnies
I left,

They'll smoor^r in the dark reek o' Airlie."

^r smother.

"Draw your dirks, draw your dirks!" cried the brave
Lochiel.

"Unsheathe your swords," cried Charlie,
"And we'll kindle sic a lowe round the false Argyle,
And licht it wi' a spark out o' Airlie!"

THE BARON O' BRACKLEY.

[The characteristic Highland fray celebrated in this ballad occurred between John Gordon of Brackley and John Farquharson of Inverey, in September, 1666. According to the account of the Gordons, Brackley had in execution of legal warrant poinded some of Farquharson's cattle, whereupon Farquharson, to revenge himself, raised his people, came to the house of Brackley, and proceeded to drive away not only the poinded cattle, but Brackley's own. Upon Gordon's attempt to prevent this, the Farquharsons fell upon him, and slew him and his brother. A somewhat different story, laying the blame on Brackley, has been handed down among the Farquharsons. From the fact, however, that Inverey was prosecuted before the Court of Justiciary, and, in a later warrant, is mentioned as having been in outlawry for many years; the Gordon version may be taken as substantially correct.]

According to the tradition of Jamieson's day, while Brackley was a man universally esteemed by his neighbours, Inverey, who was his relation, was fierce, daring, and active, and exhibited all the worst characteristics of a freebooter, without any of the generous qualities which frequently redeemed men of that type. Gordon's wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet of Leys. She married him without her friends' consent—which may mean either that it was a love-match, or that the lady was of resolute disposition. After Brackley's death, according to the Lumsden Memorials, she married James Leslie, Doctor of Medicine.

Professor Child notes that Brackley's father, another John Gordon, was also murdered by caterans of Clan Chattan, whom he was entertaining, on November 1, 1592, and that some of the details of the earlier tragedy may have found their way into the ballad.

Brackley lies close to Ballater, on the Dee, about forty miles west from Aberdeen. "Some fragments of the ruins of Brackley Castle," says Jamieson, "still remain; and they show the gate through which he rode out, and a hollow way between two little knolls, when the Farquharsons fell upon him."

The ballad was first printed by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, from the MS. of Mrs. Brown of Falkland (whose maiden name was Anne Gordon), collated with another version, not materially different, furnished him by Scott, who took it down from the recitation of two ladies, great-grandchildren of Farquharson of Inverey. This version is now followed.]

INVEREY came down Deeside whistling and playing;
He's lighted at Brackley yetts at the day dawning:

Says, "Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within?
There's sharp swords at the yett will gar your blood
spin."

The lady raise up, to the window she went;
She heard her kye lowing ower hill and ower bent.

"O rise, up, ye baron, and turn back your kye,
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them by."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again?
Where'er I have ae man I wat they ha'e ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses, tak' rocks¹ in your hand, ² distaffs.
And turn back the kye. I ha'e you at command.

"Gin I had a husband, as I ha'e nane,
He wadna lie in his bower, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith², ² armour.
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gi'e me my spear;
I aye was for peace, though I never feared weir³. ³ war.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to
blame;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win hame!"

When Brackley was busked, and rade ower the close,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade ower the
green,
He was as bauld a baron as ever was seen.

Though there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonnie Brackley but his brother
and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround,
And they've pierced bonnie Brackley wi' mony a
wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

* tearing.

"O cam' ye by Brackley's yetts? was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear, riving^{*} her hair?"

"O I cam' by Brackley yetts, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laughed wi' the men that her baron had slain.

O fy on you, lady! how could ye do sae?
You opened your yetts to the fause Inverey.

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in ;
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron.

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And shawed him the road that he shouldna be ta'en.

"Through Birss and Aboyne," she says, "lyin' in
a tour,
Ower the hills o' Glentanar you'll skip in an hour."

There is grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha' ;
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

WALY, WALY, LOVE BE BONNIE.

[This ballad after being printed, from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, was included as "a very ancient song" in Percy's *Reliques*. By Aytoun, who printed a collated version, it was considered to be the same ballad as "The Marchioness of Douglas," of which it forms the initial portion. If this be the case, it may be taken as the lament of Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, married to James, second Marquis of Douglas, in 1670. By the intrigues of the Marquis's chamberlain, one Lowrie, who, it is said, had been a discarded lover, and who for revenge left a pair of boots under the lady's bed, she was divorced. Percy's version is here followed.]

O WALY waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly by yon burn side,
 Where I and my love were wont to gae!

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bowed and syne it brak':
 Sae my true love did lichtly me¹.

¹ set light by me.

O waly waly gin love be bonnie
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kaim my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled¹ by me;
 Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink
 Since my true love has forsaken me.

¹ soiled.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 For of my life I am weary?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell²,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

² severely.

When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was cled in the black velvet,
 And I mysel' in cramasie³.

³ crimson cloth.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had locked my heart in a case of gowd
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

And oh, if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel' were dead and gane!
 For a maid again I'se never be.

MARIE HAMILTON.

[This ballad was believed by Scott to refer to an incident in Queen Mary's court, chronicled by Knox in his *History of the Reformation*. By this account a waiting-woman of the queen's chamber, being brought to bed of a child to the queen's own apothecary, murdered it, with the father's consent. The cries of a new-born child, however, were heard, and search being made, the body was found, and the man and woman both condemned to death. This incident, Scott supposed, had been altered in the process of tradition, so that the persons concerned were said to be Mary Hamilton, one of the four "Queen's Maries," and the queen's own loose-living husband, Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley. C. K. Sharpe, however, who communicated the *Minstrelsy* copy to Scott, discovered a singular incident which is more likely to have formed the subject of the ballad. Sharpe's account is supplemented with later information by Professor Child in his preface to the ballad in his collection. From this it appears that Mary Hamilton, member of a branch of the historic family settled in Russia, was a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine. Something of a suspicion existed that Peter the Great himself was not indifferent to her charms, and this possibly led to her sharp reprimand upon a petty occasion by the Empress. While she was under court displeasure the body of a child was discovered in a well, wrapped in a court napkin. At this juncture the Czar had occasion to send for one of his aides-de-camp, Ivan Orlof, regarding a missing paper; and the young officer, believing an amour of his own with Mary Hamilton had been discovered, in his confusion let some words escape him which roused Peter's suspicions. Mary at first denied that the child was hers, but afterwards, being put to the torture, made a full confession, not only of the murder of this, but of other two love-children. She entirely exonerated Orlof, who was accordingly discharged; but she was herself condemned to death. The Czar himself attended the execution, which took place on March 14, 1719. Mary appeared on the scaffold attired in white silk with black ribbons, hoping to touch Peter's heart; and, falling on her knees, she implored a pardon. The Czar, however, turned aside, and the headsman proceeded with his office. When the blow had fallen, Peter, it is said, picked up the head by the ear, and kissed the still trembling lips, "a circumstance," says Sharpe, "of an

extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character."

It should be added that the four Maries who accompanied the Scots queen to France, and who have become mixed up in popular tradition with the incidents of the ballad, were, according to the historian Keith, Mary Livingston, Mary Fleming, Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton. Mary Hamilton, it will be seen, was not one of them, nor was Mary Carmichael, as stated in the ballad. There may, however, have been a succession of maids of honour at court, including ladies of these names.

A modern song, "The Four Maries," has been extracted from the ballad, with the addition of a very beautiful final verse.

The version of the ballad now followed is that of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, which remains, on the whole, the finest; though that in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, with its references to "the auld queen," and to Mary putting on a white dress for her ride, may be historically the most accurate.]

MARIE HAMILTON'S to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than he listened to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month but barely ane,
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,
And the king the only man.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month but barely three,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The king is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
¹ part. To scale¹ the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has rowed it in her apron,
And set it on the sea,—
“Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonnie babe,
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.”

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Among the ladies a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe's missed and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up there started our gude queen,
Just at her bed-feet;
Saying, “Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
² cry. For I'm sure I heard it greet².”

“O no, O no, my noble queen!
Think no such thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.”

"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton :
 Get up and follow me ;
 For I am going to Edinburgh town,
 A rich wedding for to see."

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly put she on ;
 And slowly rode she out the way
 Wi' mony a weary groan.

The queen was clad in scarlet,
 Her merry maids all in green ;
 And every town that they cam' to,
 They took Marie for the queen.

"Ride hooly¹, hooly, gentlemen,
 Ride hooly now wi' me !
 For never, I am sure, a wearier burd²
 Rade in your company."

¹ softly.² lady.

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
 When she rade on the brown,
 That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
 And a' to be put down.

"Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
 Why look ye so on me ?
 O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
 A rich wedding for to see."

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
 The corks frae her heels did flee ;

And lang or e'er she cam' down again,
She was condemned to dee.

When she cam' to the Netherbow port,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam' to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her e'e.

"Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll ha'e but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

"O, often have I dressed my queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

"Often have I dressed my queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
This dog's death I'm to dee.

"For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O meikle wad be the gude red bluid
This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee!"



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